

L *Scoop!* **KIM NOVAK'S MARRIAGE!**
modern screen®

25c

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revealed!
**DORIS
DAY'S
SECRET
CHILD!**

"Her heart said take care of Terry, protect him
from the curious eyes of the public, because..."

---continued inside



New! *Now more than ever*

Kotex is confidence

Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering. These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit. And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.

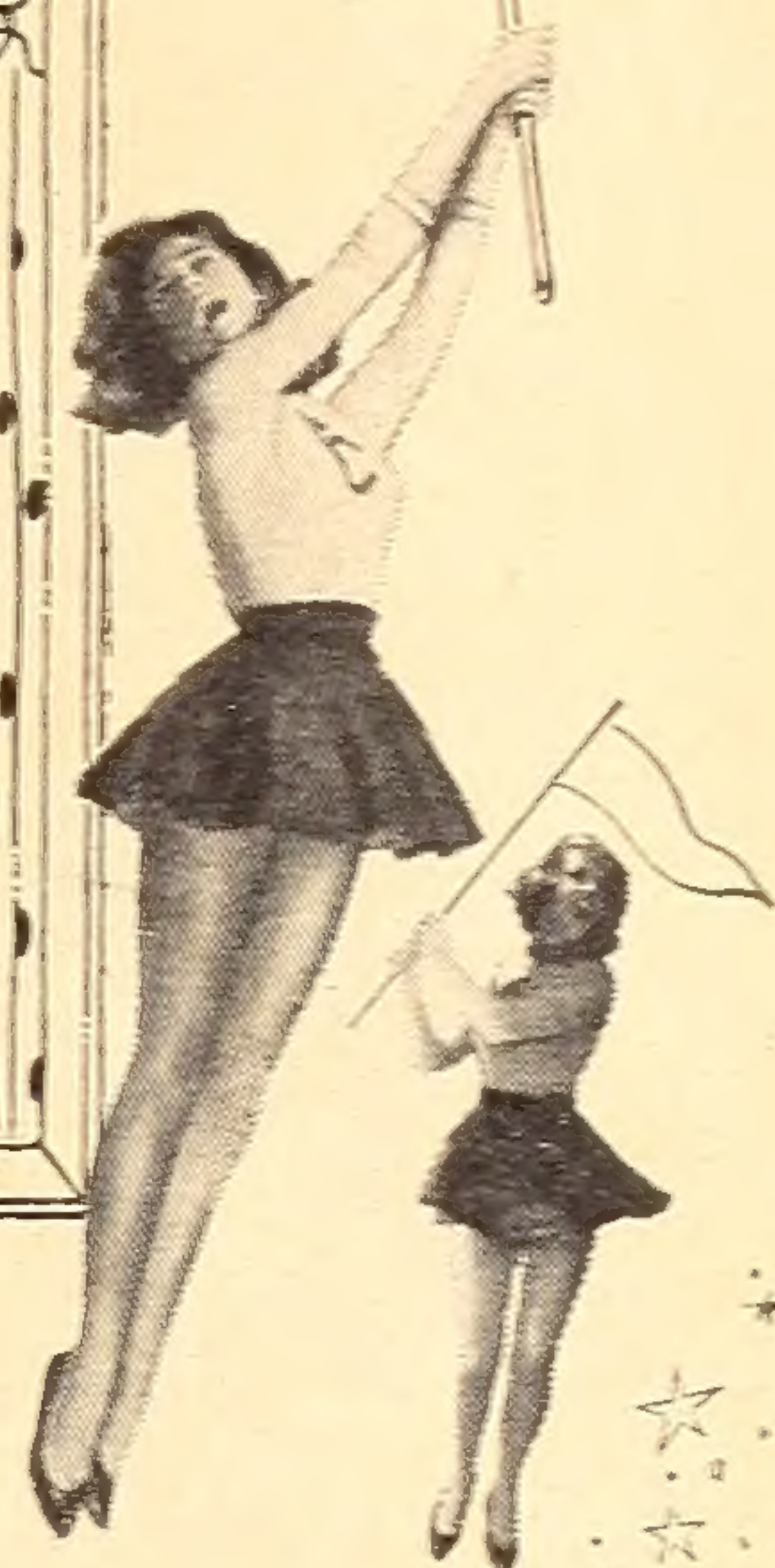
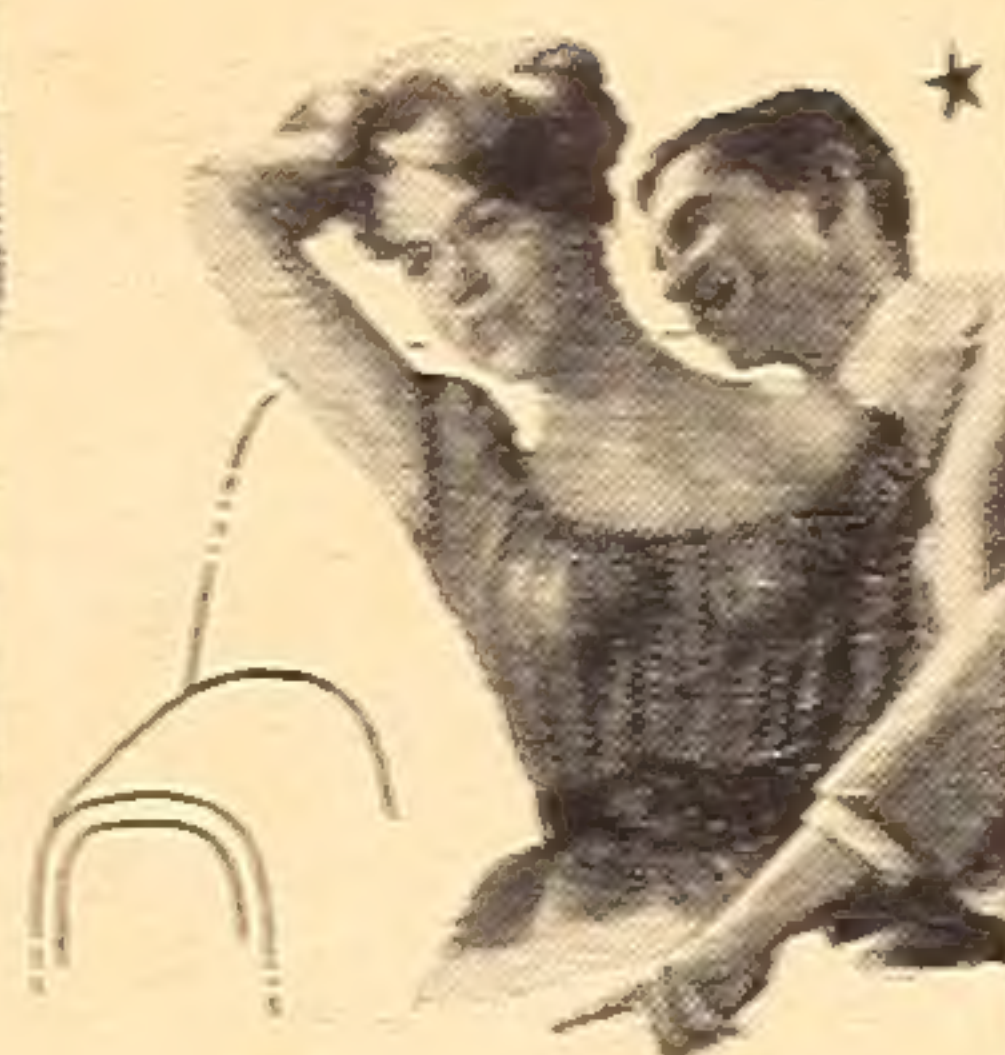
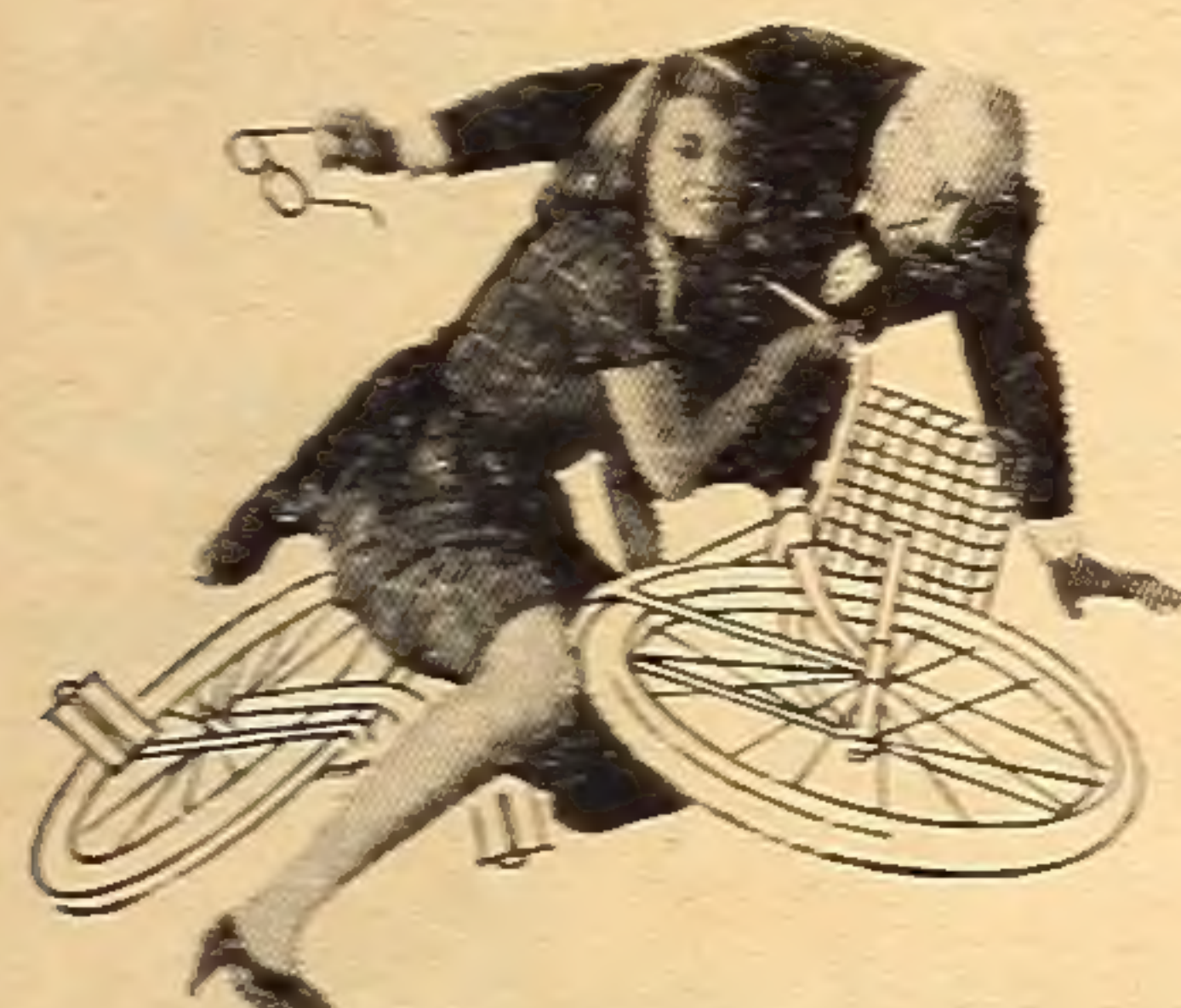
MAY -2 1960

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STUDENTS: If you want to go to college
don't let your parents see this picture!

...that
college
girl
who
can't
help
lovin'
tall
boys...!

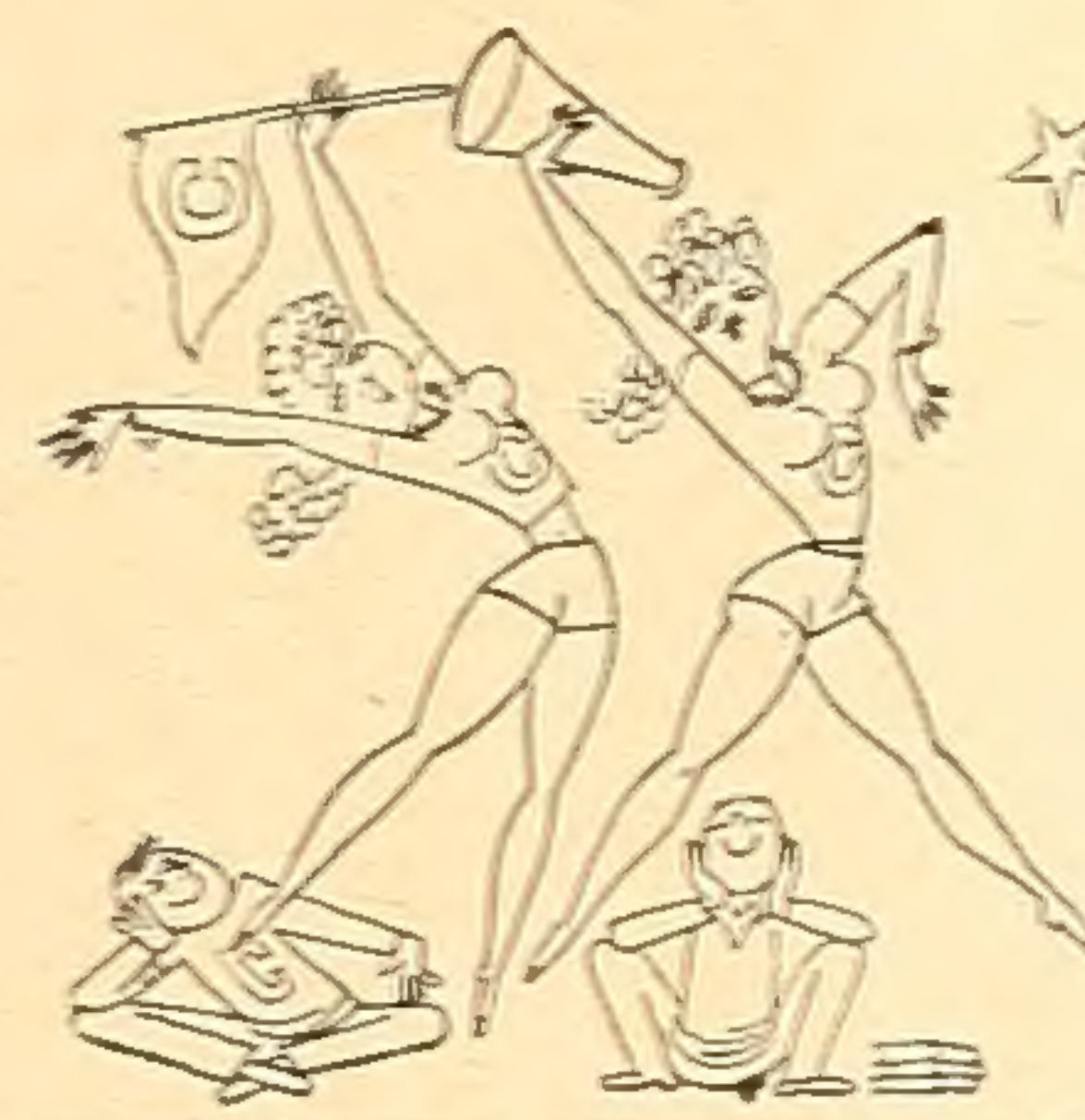


He makes the
great ones!
Sayonara!
Bus Stop!
Picnic!
South Pacific!

JOSHUA
LOGAN'S
Super-Saucy
production
of

tall story

Here's
everything
and
everybody
that made
Broadway
blush at the
howling
stage smash!
(at \$7 per seat)



That experiment
in Japanese
kissing!
That baby-sitting
romance!
That girl
in the boys
locker room!
Those pom-pom
girls!...and
that cool
cool shower!



From **WARNER BROS.** starring

anthony Perkins and Jane fonda

co-starring **RAY WALSTON · MARC CONNELLY** ...the fabulous new young star!

MURRAY HAMILTON · ANNE JACKSON · Screenplay by **JULIUS J. EPSTEIN** Produced and Directed by **JOSHUA LOGAN**
Based on the stage play by **HOWARD LINDSAY** and **RUSSEL CROUSE** · Produced on the stage by **EMMETT ROGERS** and **ROBERT WEINER**

WARNER BROS. First in Motion Pictures, Television, Music and Records

Your all day veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne



No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet...pure, imported Italian Talc... your all day Veil of Fragrance.

**Cashmere
Bouquet Talc**
the fragrance men love

modern screen

MAY, 1960

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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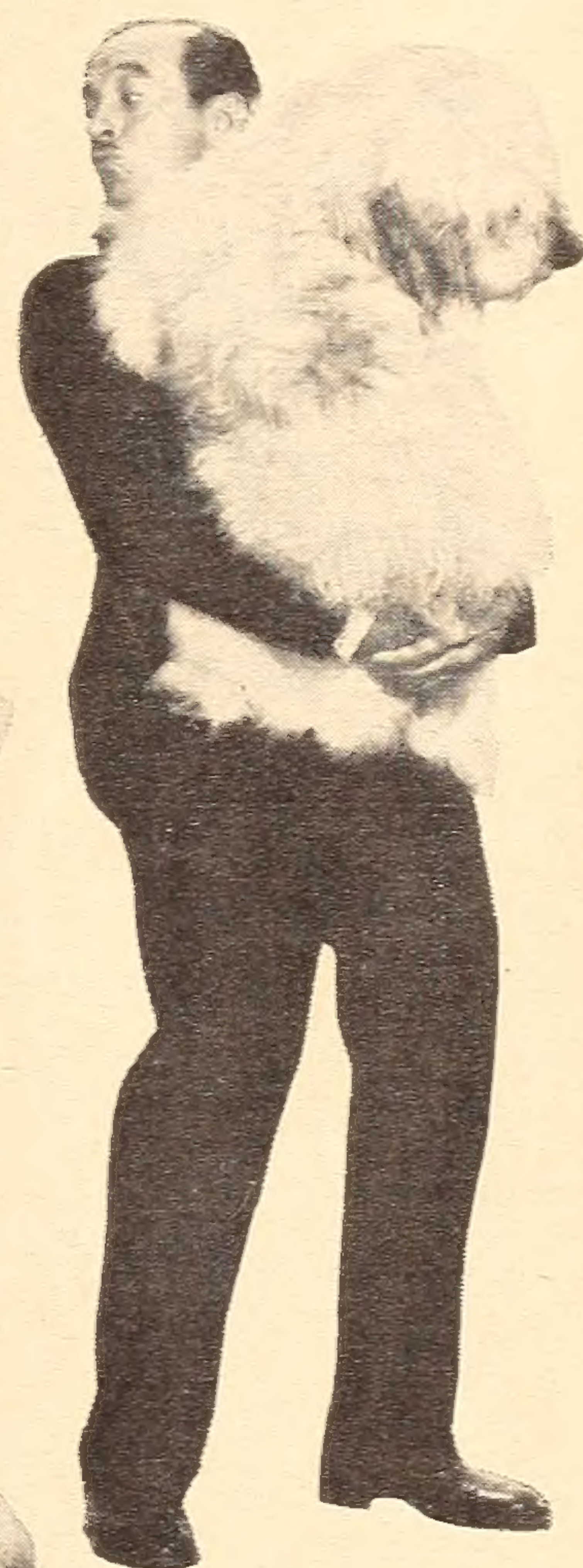


THE UPROARIOUS MOVIE
FROM THE BIG BEST-SELLER!

METRO
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MAYER
presents

DORIS
DAY

DAVID
NIVEN



in A
EUTERPE
PRODUCTION

PLEASE
DON'T EAT THE
DAISIES



Co-Starring JANIS PAIGE / SPRING BYINGTON / RICHARD HAYDN
...and the four little monsters!

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART / Based on the Book by JEAN KERR / Associate Producer MARTIN MELCHER / Directed by CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by JOE PASTERNAK / CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

HEAR
DORIS SING!
"Please Don't
Eat The Daisies"
"Anyway The
Wind Blows"

*A true
and touching
fairy story*

*translated from
the French*



THE PRINCESS WHO SAVED THE BIRDS

■ Grace Kelly Rainier was awakened by the guns: loud, sharp sounds of bullets whistling in the early spring winds.

Turning in her wide, comfortable bed, she looked at the luminous green dial of the gold boudoir clock on the nightstand. Five o'clock! Would she never get a full night's sleep? Outside, through the filmy billowing curtains at the windows, she could see the orange flames of dawn beginning to rise in the velvety dark sky.

Each and every morning it was this way.

She closed her eyes, recited a prayer only to have it punctuated by the sound of gunfire. Shivering from the cool morning winds, she pulled the soft satin covers close about her throat. She fervently hoped that the prayer would quiet her spirit.

There were few things that this gentle woman hated in her life, and this she loathed. From that very first day when Princess Grace heard the guns outside her bedroom window, she turned frantically to her husband, her nerves

suddenly quaking with fear and foreboding.

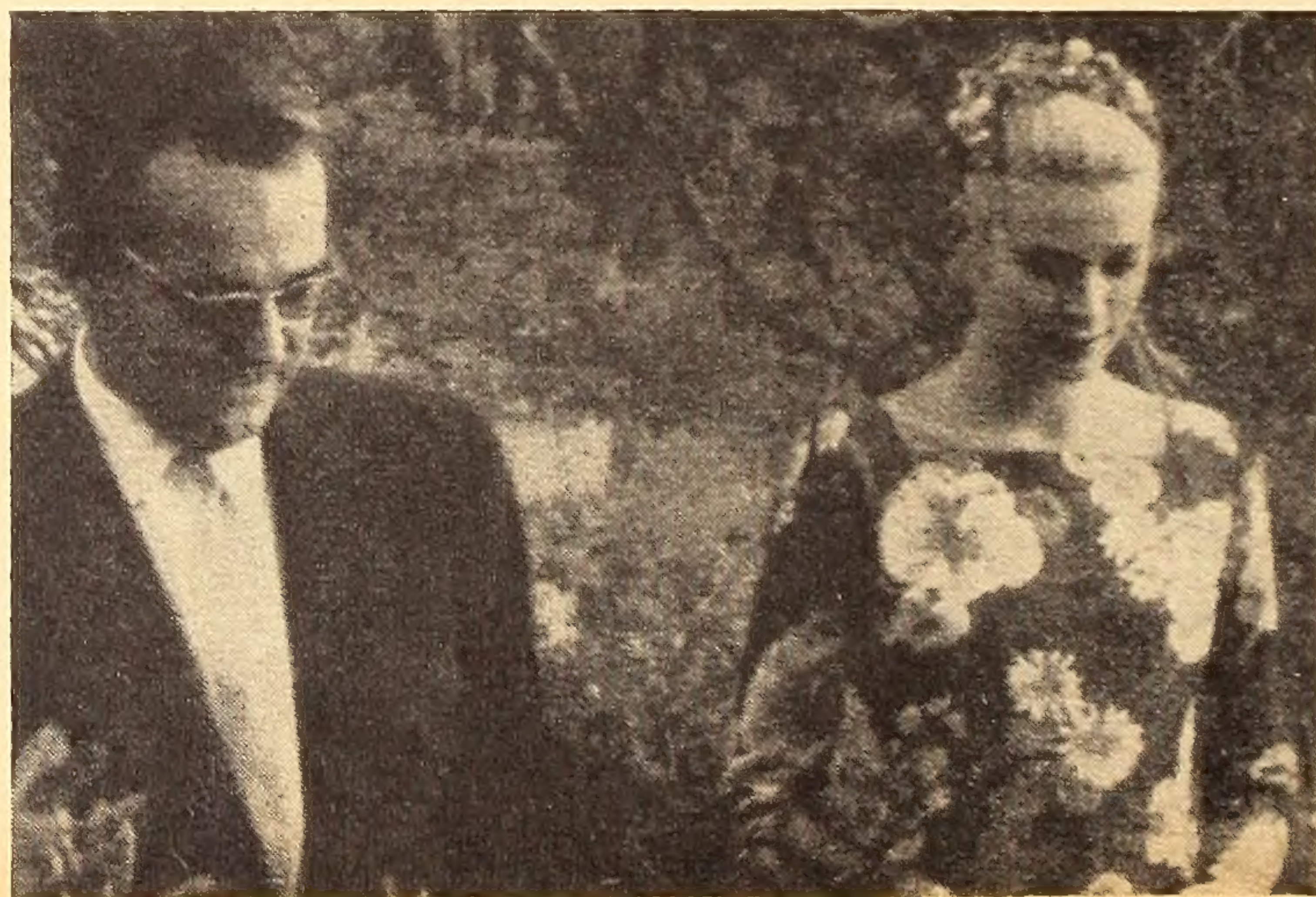
But the Prince, his loving eyes tender with sincerity, smiled gently. "Darling," he said in his low soothing voice, "you'll get used to it. All you hear are the guns of hunters. Did you think we were having a war?"

"Hunters?" Princess Grace questioned. "Hunters on the palace grounds?"

"Yes, yes," he spoke calmly. "Now don't look so worried, my love. There are wonderful game birds here. In abundance. Pheasants and quail and pigeons. And the friends of the Throne come by in the mornings to pass their time. It's been a tradition here for years and years. Hunting's a big sport with many of our friends. There's nothing to fear."

She sighed. Then he added, "You'll get used to the guns. Have no fear. In another month you won't even be conscious of them."

She didn't know how to answer him. There was a tight knot in her throat. Should she tell
(Continued on page 6)



Is it
a bird...
a rocket...
a plane?
No, it's

JERRY LEWIS

saucering down
to Earth
from outer space
for a

Visit to a Small Planet

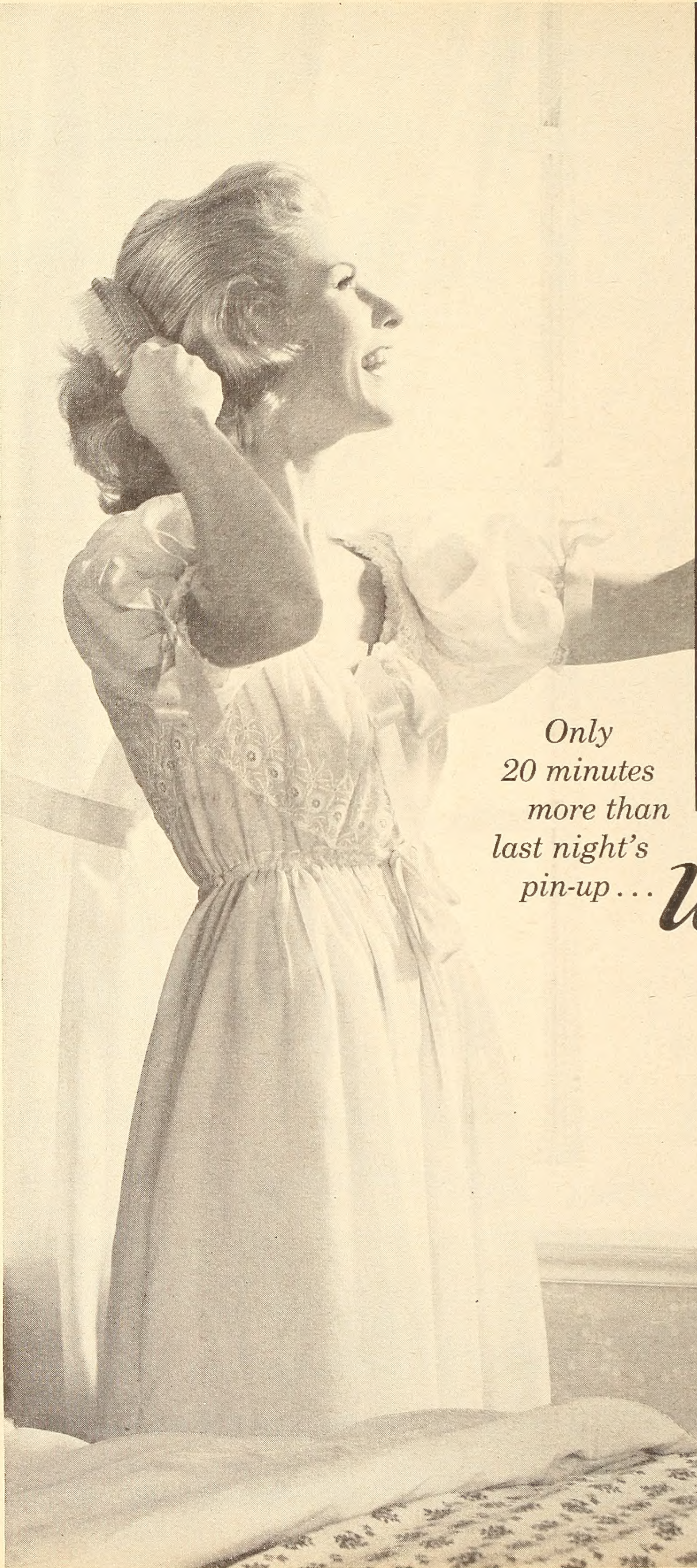


A HAL
WALLIS
PRODUCTION

THE BROADWAY HIT—NOW THE SCREEN'S CRAZIEST LARK!

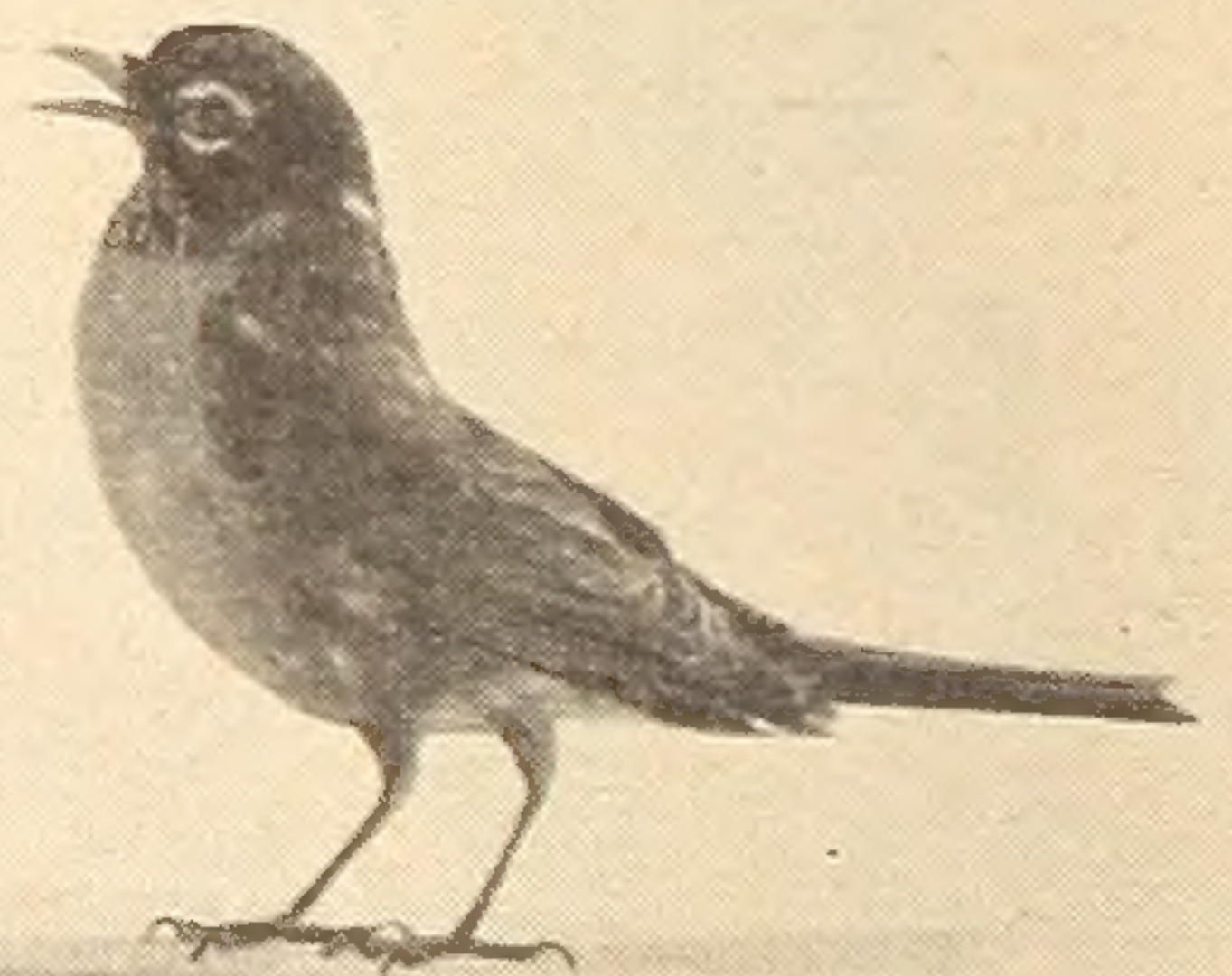
co-starring **JOAN BLACKMAN · EARL HOLLIMAN · FRED CLARK** with **JOHN WILLIAMS** and introducing **BARBARA LAWSON**
GALE GORDON

Directed by **NORMAN TAUROG** • Screenplay by **EDMUND BELOIN** and **HENRY GARSON** • Based on the play by **GORE VIDAL** • A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**



Only
20 minutes
more than
last night's
pin-up...

wake up



(Continued from page 4)

him she hated the sound of guns for as long as she could remember? And now she was going to have to live with them every day of her life as a princess in Monaco. She nodded to her husband, pretending to understand, pretending to be sympathetic, but within her heart she was petrified.

How could she ever get used to the gunfire, accept it as every-day routine? Whenever she heard a bullet fired, she recalled the day when she was nine or ten, when she first heard that terrifying sound. And she remembered the sad, forlorn face of Pinky, the blond-pink Pekingese she and her sister Margaret had.

Pinky had been given to the two sisters one Christmas by their mother who wanted them to have the responsibility of looking after something of their own. And the girls adored him. They pampered him, brushed him, taught him 'company' tricks, even bought a small mattress bed for him by saving money for several months from their weekly allowances.

Pinky was very affectionate and he would play with the girls for hours on end. Whenever they went to school, he missed them and cried. Pinky was so lovable he was the talk of the neighborhood. He was not only well-groomed but very well-behaved.

That terrible, tragic first time

Then, one summer afternoon when Pinky was romping through the thick green grass in the backyard, they heard the shot.

Grace and Margaret, in pale summer dresses, were sipping lemonade in the kitchen. They looked at each other quizzically. The gunfire sounded frighteningly near. Where was it coming from?

In a moment another shot rang in the air. Grace looked at her sister. "Am I hearing things?" she said.

"It's a gun," her sister said. "I hear it, too."

They looked at each other in disbelief, put down their lemonade and walked to the back porch. Where was the gunfire coming from? Standing there on the porch steps, in the heavy silence of that sunny afternoon, they waited. But the gunfire stopped.

Suddenly Marge screamed. And pointed to the middle of the yard. There, prostrate in the green grass, lay Pinky, his small round body smeared with blood.

Grace gasped and then shrieked and she started to run to him, but as she rushed there was a throbbing in her head and a fierce pounding in her heart, and only a few feet away from the bleeding Pinky, she dropped to the ground, fainting from shock.

When she came to, she was lying in her mahogany four-poster bed with its white dotted Swiss canopy. Her mother waited with her in the shaded room. White pencil-strokes of sunlight filtered through the drawn Venetian shades.

"Grace," her mother spoke softly, "just close your eyes and relax."

But the nightmare of the afternoon exploded in her mind, and she began to sob uncontrollably. Her mother tried to calm her by telling her the cook was preparing her favorite lamb chops for dinner. But Grace demanded to know what had happened to Pinky.

Her mother tried to avoid relating the tragic news. Finally, she lowered her eyes and told Grace the veterinarian had been called but Pinky had died before his arrival. "Your father has the police checking to see who was roaming the neighborhood with a loaded gun, and when they find

him we'll take him to court."

Grace fell back into her bed. Her dear, beloved Pinky was dead. How could she and Margaret ever get along without him?

For days afterward, Grace moped around the house, heartbroken, haunted by the echo of gunfire in her ears. It was months before she agreed to another pet, and, even then, whenever she fed or brushed her new pup, she couldn't help recalling the horrible death of her beloved Pinky as tears flooded her eyes. . . .

Part and parcel

Now in Monaco she was expected to learn to live with the sound of gunfire, morning after morning. At first, she chided herself for being hypersensitive. After all, weren't there women in the world who actually went on hunting expeditions? And she herself had learned, hadn't she, while working for the Red Cross, to stand the sight of blood. Couldn't she now, as an adult, face the sound of a hunter's rifle?

She tried. For months she prodded herself to be less fearful of the shooting, but, even so, it disturbed her, awakened her in the pre-dawn hours of night. . . .

Months passed into years. Her children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert Alexandre, were born. Her days were full. She was complete now as a woman, a wife with a doting husband, a mother with a loving daughter and son.

Her days were steeped in family and palace activities, and each evening she craved a long night's sleep and rest—but, every morning, the guns awakened her. And every shot was a stab tearing through her heart. For months she debated what to do. Her final answer was: nothing. She must simply learn to accept the hunting as part and parcel of the palace routine. . . .

Then, late one autumn afternoon, as she was strolling through the palace woods,

admiring the pink and gold of the autumn leaves, she paused to take a deep breath. Her children were napping, and the Prince was on a tour of official duties. She had a moment to breathe, to catch up with herself. Standing in the woods with the whispering leaves, she looked around her at the beautiful world God had created. Tall trees and evergreens and wildflowers, blue sky and golden sunlight and soft warm air.

Amid the rustling leaves she heard a sound, a pitiful cheeping. Was it a bird calling? Didn't it sound pained? She turned, and there, behind a massive oak tree, in a blanket of fallen yellow leaves, lay a baby quail with a wounded wing. Princess Grace looked down at it lying there in quivering pain, and her eyes filled with tears. She fell to her knees and gently lifted the wounded bird and held it against her breast. For a moment she didn't know what to do. Should she call for help?

No, she decided. Time was of the essence and, with the hurt little bird cupped in her palms, she hurried back to the palace, left it with the caretaker and summoned a doctor to look after it.

Then she went upstairs to dress for the evening meal. She just couldn't hold back her feelings any longer. She would tell the Prince tonight that, for her own peace of mind and heart, the shooting must stop. . . .

The Prince's problem

Prince Rainier shook his head in disagreement. "You're taking all of this too personally," he said. "If the guns bother you, we'll change the bedroom."

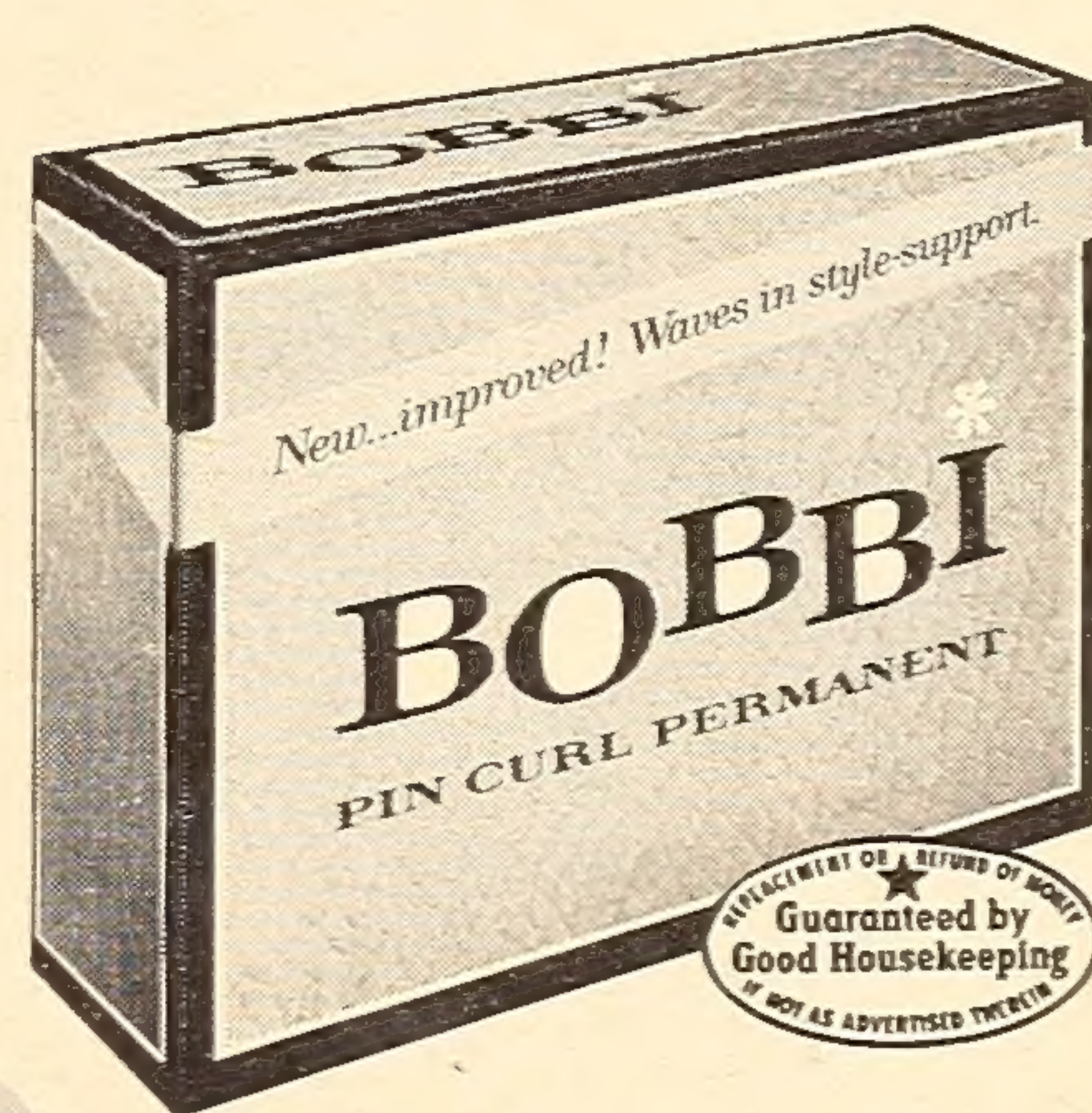
"No," she told him. "I just won't be able to live with myself if I know these poor helpless birds are being killed outside our windows. Maybe it's childish of me, but I can't stand killing, and I beg you, please, to have it stop. (Continued on page 24)

with a permanent!

Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep*...
brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because

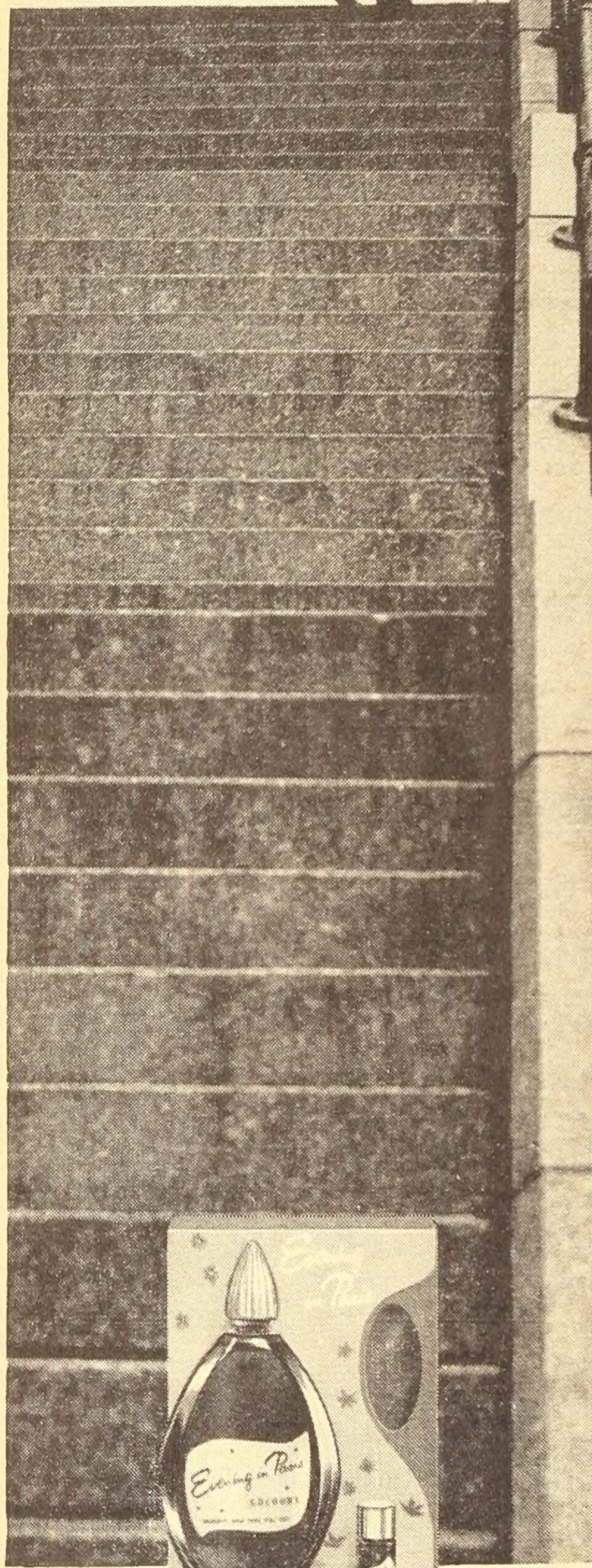
Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit with curlers, \$2.00. Refill, \$1.50.



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permanent of all —
home or
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that all is not well between **Betty Grable** and **Harry James**?

—T.T., NANTICOKE, PA.

A The marriage has hit some sour notes. Harry is ready to blow taps.

Q Does **Troy Donahue** intend to marry his long-time girlfriend, Nan Morris?

—J.H., ORLANDO, FLA.

A No.

Q What about the rumors of a romance between **Maureen O'Hara** and **Rex Harrison**?

—D.B., RENO, NEV.

A The only time that Maureen and Rex romanced was in the movie, *FOXES OF HARROW*, made ten years ago. Maureen's heart still belongs to her long-time Mexican beau, and she's furious about the rumors.

Q What is holding up the release of *The Fugitive Kind*? I thought the picture was to be released in time to contend for this year's Oscars.

—W.T., CANTON, OHIO

A That was before the sneak preview. Anna Magnani is difficult to understand. She refuses to return for retakes because of her lack of admiration for co-star Brando—and his multitude of close-ups.

Q Is there any substance to the fact that **Tony Steel** is threatening to end it all—unless **Anita Ekberg** gives him another chance to make their marriage work?

—A.S., PARIS, ILL.

A Tony is threatening—but neither his friends nor Anita are taking the matter very seriously.

Q Why does **Dirk Bogarde** call **Ava Gardner** 'mother dear,' as I read in a column he does?

—F.S., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

A He brings out the maternal instincts in her.

Q Can you possibly tell me how some of those aging movie stars who appear aging in 'still' photographs manage to look like ingenues when they appear on TV? Is it lighting, a special make-up?

—R.T., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A Sagging chins and necklines are pulled back tight by a thin strip of netting.

Make-up is blended over it and ten to fifteen years melt away—temporarily.

Q How serious is it between **Tuesday Weld** and **Ray Anthony**?

—J.I., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A As serious as it is between Tuesday and anybody. A passing fancy.

Q There's a story going around that **Shelley Winters** will no longer let **Tony Franciosa** out of her sight for a minute. Anything to it?

—C.B., SEATTLE, WASH.

A No. Shelley merely plans to spend more time in her husband's company.

Q I read your story on the **Bob Crosbys** a couple of months ago, but have seen nothing about what happened after the stabbing. Did Bob divorce his wife?

—R.P., WILMINGTON, DEL.

A Bob patched up his knife wound and his marriage.

Q Isn't it unusual that **Marilyn Monroe** was given the rights to cut and edit her scenes in *Let's Make Love*? How come the studio agreed to put this in her contract?

—J.R., TOPEKA, KAN.

A It wasn't in her contract. Marilyn Monroe personally persuaded director George Cukor to let her sit in on the editing. Cukor found it easier to agree than to argue and hold up production.

Q Could you tell me why all the TV cowboy stars like **Dale Robertson**, **Nick Adams**, **Bob Horton**, **Peter Breck**, **Ty Hardin**, **Gene Barry** and **Hugh O'Brian** suddenly consider themselves singers and are turning up as such on TV guest shots and records?

—G.H., FAR ROCKAWAY, N.Y.

A Gene Barry was a former musical comedy star. The others are optimistic about becoming same when the Western craze is over.

Q Do **Frank Sinatra's** gifts of a huge Palm Springs home and diamond ring to ex-wife Nancy and the frequent dinners they've been having together mean that there is a possibility that there may be a re-marriage some time in the future?

—V.C., MONTPELIER, VT.

A No. Nancy still has a place in his heart, but other girls keep catching his eye.

20th
Century-Fox
presents

**ELIA
KAZAN's**

SMOULDERING
STORY OF
THE SOUTH!

**You
can't
hold
back...**

A WILD RIVER...
A DEEP LONGING...
A SUDDEN LOVE!

Wild River



starring

MONTGOMERY CLIFT / LEE REMICK / JO VAN FLEET

Produced and
Directed by

ELIA KAZAN

Screenplay by

PAUL OSBORN

CINEMASCOPE

COLOR by
DE LUXE



JANE HUGHES, Junior, Clarke High School, East Meadow, L. I., N. Y., says: "I used to be tormented by skin blemishes. They just wouldn't clear up even with scrubbing and special skin creams. A friend urged me to try Clearasil and right away I saw improvement. Now my skin is completely clear."

Jane Hughes

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

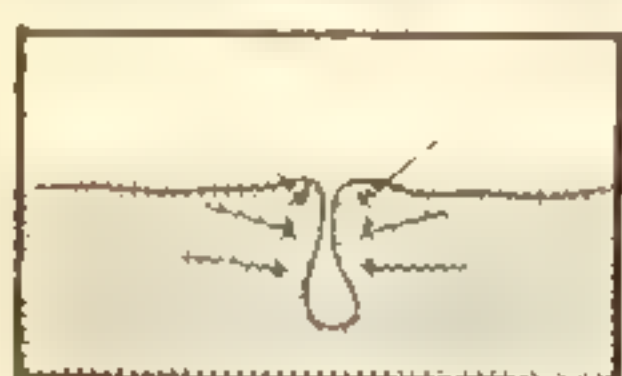
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works*.

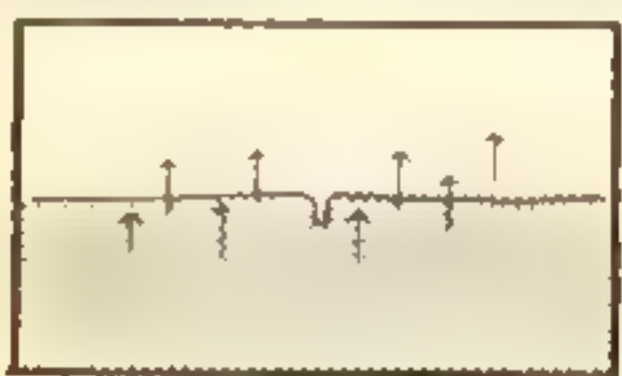
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2. **Stops bacteria.** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. **'Starves' pimples** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only \$1.25 (no fed. tax). **Money-back guarantee.** At all drug counters.



NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Doris Day finds that taking care of a successful drama-critic husband and an energetic family of little boys gets her into some comical situations.

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES

domestic comedy

Doris Day
David Niven
Richard Haydn
Charles Herbert
Patsy Kelly

■ It's an apartment in New York—you can tell, even though it's buried under the scattered belongings of four healthy sons. Happy parents (Doris Day, David Niven) live there, too. Tonight's the night. David has left his teaching job to become drama critic on a big newspaper. As soon as Doris' mother (Spring Byington) comes to "sit" they're off to their first opening. Thus ends one life and begins another. Does a drama critic have any friends? Does he deserve them when he raps their plays? Is a drama critic's wife glamorous enough to hold her husband—with all those gorgeous actresses buttering him up? We'll see. Doris doesn't wait and see. She moves to the country, joins the PTA, involves herself in the local theater group. Well, a wife has to do *something* when she only has four kids, a new house and a thousand repairmen to keep her busy! The conflicts come—but they're small and cozy.—MGM.

TALL STORY

campus romance

Anthony Perkins
Jane Fonda
Ray Walston
Anne Jackson
Marc Connelly

■ If you're a co-ed and want to catch a husband try for a basketball star. You see, there are gamblers near every campus who try to bribe basketball stars. Co-ed Jane Fonda doesn't know anything about—well, nearly anything. She just wants to marry basketball star Tony Perkins. She knew that even before she met him. It's only a matter of weeks after she's met him that he proposes. Swell. But where will they get the money to move out of the dormitory and into a trailer? It just so happens that unseen gamblers offer Tony the money (and much more than he needs) if only he'll throw a game against visiting Russians. Tony is honest, but he's tempted. "My uncle is sending me money," he tells Jane. Somehow that doesn't sound right. It throws Tony into turmoil. Turmoil leads to his purposely flunking a midterm exam so that he'll be disqualified for playing. The whole school rises against

(Continued on page 12)

HAVE A BREATH OF PARIS ABOUT YOU-EVERY DAY!



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NEW YORK • MONTREAL

new movies

(Continued from page 10)

Professor Ray Walston (they want him to give Tony another exam). Walston won't. Not even when Tony tells about the bribe and his reasons for flunking? No. Not even when the Russians have a nineteen-point lead? Well—that's better. That's *Tall Story*.—WARNERS.

EXPRESSO BONGO

wonderful satire

Laurence Harvey
Sylvia Syms
Yolande Donlan
Cliff Richard
Meier Tzelniker

■ This is an hilarious comedy that takes place in London's Soho—a section full of espresso joints, seedy nightclubs, shady ladies. Laurence Harvey's a talent agent but his clients can't even keep him in salami sandwiches. For a couple of years he's been in love with a stripper (Sylvia Syms). She's a sweet school-girl type, wants to become another Judy Garland. That's her problem. Laurence wants to become a bigtime operator. Enter teen-ager Cliff Richards whose nagging mother drives him to the bongo drums (for solace) and to singing rock 'n' roll. Laurence signs him to a 50-50 contract. Then, by a series of outrageous and daring maneuvers, turns him into a national idol. The money isn't pouring in long before a visiting American singer (on the way down) takes Cliff under her wing. Laurence is out in the cold—his 50-50 contract wouldn't stand up for one minute in any court. Teen-age fads, television, a whole segment of the entertainment world is brilliantly satirized.

—CONTINENTAL.

HELLER IN PINK TIGHTS

new twist on the Old West

Sophia Loren
Anthony Quinn
Margaret O'Brien
Steve Forrest
Eileen Heckart

■ From the moment it starts you realize that *Heller* has a special charm. It's about show business in the Old West when performers traveled from one wild town to another in painted wagons—and often traveled fast, to lose their creditors or the sheriff. The holler is Sophia Loren, a gorgeous flirt, who plays all the star roles in Anthony Quinn's stock company. The plays are terrible (for the climax of one Sophia's tied to a white horse which is let loose in the theater) but the charm is that Quinn and company (Eileen Heckart, Margaret O'Brien, Edmund Lowe) are serious about their 'art.' Quinn loves Sophia; she loves excitement. She falls for the first hired gunman (Steve Forrest) she sees, but when he wins her in a poker game she gets scared—he's a man who collects. Owing money to everybody, it's into the wagons again for the company. Indians, mountain blizzards, stray gunmen, and Steve Forrest dog their trail. By the time they get to the next town they've lost everything—and Quinn is convinced he's lost Sophia to Forrest. The acting is excellent, the story is solid and colorful with many satiric touches.—PARAMOUNT.

BABETTE GOES TO WAR

BB in the secret service

Brigitte Bardot
Jacques Charrier
Ronald Howard
Francis Blanche
Hannes Messemer

■ BB wears clothes all through this movie, which should have ruined the movie but didn't. Takes place in 1940 when the Germans occupied France. BB manages to be in London at

the time where she serves as charwoman at Free French Forces headquarters. (The reason she submits to the khaki and mop is because Jacques Charrier is a lieutenant in those forces.) One day British Major Ronald Howard notices that BB bears an uncanny resemblance to the ex-girlfriend of a German general (Hannes Messemer) who just happens to be planning the invasion of England. Much against the better judgment of Charrier (who thinks BB is cute but stupid) Brigitte and a radio set are dropped from a plane outside Paris. The idea is for her to find Messemer and kidnap him. That way the Germans will think he deserted (with the invasion plans) and they'll have to dream up a whole new invasion. While Charrier (who jumped in another parachute) is still getting off the ground at his end of Paris, BB is sending radio messages from her own bedroom at Gestapo headquarters where she has become the protegee of Gestapo leader Francis Blanche (who, as a lunatic rollypoly monster, steals the picture). He notices an uncanny resemblance between BB and Messemer's ex-girl and instructs BB to dazzle Messemer and report every move he makes. Poor Messemer doesn't have a chance because he, too, notices an uncanny resemblance etc. Needless to say, BB, gay and Gallic all the way, almost singlehandedly stems the German invasion.—COLUMBIA.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

trouble in China

James Stewart
Glenn Corbett
Lisa Lu
Frank Silvera
Henry (Harry) Morgan

■ This road is uphill all the way. It winds through East China and where it ends nobody knows. But Major James Stewart knows his job: It's to slow down the Japanese who are advancing just a little behind the retreating Allies. Well, he and his crew of eight demolition experts get to work lighting fuses. First they blow up an Allied airstrip, then a Chinese bridge, then a curve in the road, then an ammunition dump. It would be good clean work if there weren't so many Chinese civilians around. These Chinese civilians get in the way of all that dynamite and it's pretty trying on James. Somewhere along the road his jeep has picked up (by official request) the widow (Lisa Lu) of a Chinese General and she and James indulge in a continuous, if well-mannered, argument. It boils down to: he likes his job, she doesn't like his job. What James doesn't like is the fact that two of his crew are murdered by Chinese bandits, and the fact that starving Chinese trample on—and kill—crewman Glenn Corbett while he's in the act of giving them food. War is hell, as they say. It's even worse when you can't tell your friends from your enemies. That's James' problem.

—COLUMBIA.

TOO SOON TO LOVE

teen-age romance

Jennifer West
Richard Evans
Warren Parker
Ralph Manza
Jacqueline Schwab

■ The way to keep teen-agers down in Los Angeles is to set the police on them. Minute they park in a car—police. Minute they gather in groups of two—police. Never mind, some kids are dangerous. Jennifer West and Richard Evans are not. They're just in love. Jennifer's father (Warren Parker) would probably beat her black and blue if she even mentioned the word. That's why she and Richard meet secretly. Too often. Jennifer's mother never told her you can get pregnant that way. Too bad. Because when Jennifer gets pregnant she feels

like committing suicide, dreadful thought. Richard isn't very happy about it, either. Their idyllic romance turns somewhat sordid. The acting's fine but the problems the movie presents might have done with a little more analyzing.—U-I.

MAN ON A STRING

the spy game

Ernest Borgnine
Kerwin Mathews
Colleen Dewhurst
Alexander Scourby
Vladimir Sokoloff

■ Ernest Borgnine is just a well meaning, rich Hollywood producer. If the Chief of the Russian Espionage in the U.S.A. (Alexander Scourby) pays for the parties Ernest gives and then gets introduced to influential guests—is that bad? Ernest doesn't think it's bad as long as Scourby lets Pop (Vladimir Sokoloff) and Ernest's brothers leave Russia. The Central Bureau of Intelligence shortly informs Ernest that what he is doing is not only bad it's practically treason. In which case Ernest agrees to work for the CBI as a counter-spy. (Even so, he's kind of upset when he discovers that his production assistant, Kerwin Mathews, has been a CBI agent all along.) Being a movie producer, it doesn't seem suspicious for Ernest to shoot a film in West Berlin (meanwhile he picks up information on East Berliners). Then he's invited to Moscow where his old friend, Scourby, vouches for his loyalty. There he's taken on a grand tour of a super-spy school and memorizes the names and descriptions of all his future contacts in the U.S.A. Naturally, it's only a matter of time before the Russians realize he's spying *on* them instead of *for* them. He gets out of Moscow, all right, but he has a heck of a time getting out of East Berlin (in handcuffs). Fascinating to see how our spy system works (hidden TV sets, hidden mikes, hidden tape recorders); fascinating to see how theirs works, too: particularly since this movie is based on a true story.

—COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

SOLOMON AND SHEBA (Cinemascope, United Artists): Way back when Solomon (Yul Brynner) was King of Israel, and Sheba (Gina Lollobrigida) was Queen of . . . well, you know, everyone was doing fine until Egypt's Pharaoh got worried over Israel's prosperity. Solomon's older brother (George Sanders) had been plotting against him; but when Sheba and Pharaoh join forces, Yul is really in trouble. His trials include blasphemous 'sacred' orgies, and the destruction of a temple (in which Marisa Pavan was praying for Yul). But, in these days of visions, Yul sees how to destroy his enemies, and Gina repents her sins. It's a lavish spectacle!

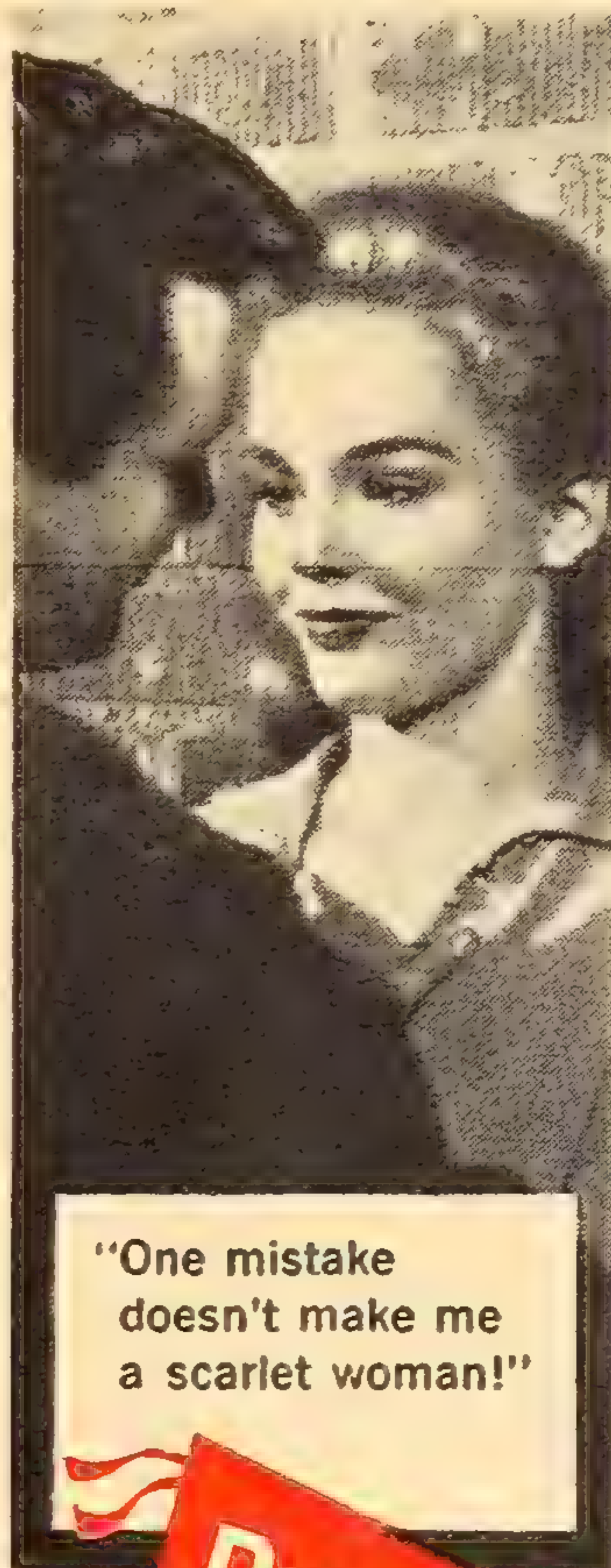
VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET (Paramount): Other-galaxy man Jerry Lewis is crazy about Earth. One day he flies down in his disc, and lands on the lawn of TV commentator Fred Clark. Clark is about to broadcast his views that such things as Jerry and his saucer don't exist. Well, Jerry shows him, his daughter (Joan Blackman), and her jealous suitor (Earl Holliman) a trick or two before he leaves. Keeps you laughing.

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND (Warners): Alan Ladd and Gilbert Roland are loggers. When they come to this town and want to chop some trees, everybody's mad at them. Why? Rancher Jeanne Crain tells how no trees on the mountains mean floods in the town. Lyle Bettger, her foreman, tries his darndest to do in Alan's plans. Frankie Avalon, a likeable sort, helps solve the problem.

THE GALLANT HOURS (United Artists): This is a tribute to Admiral William F. Halsey Jr.'s long career, and a *good* war movie. Halsey saved Guadalcanal from the Japanese, and his daring and decisiveness earned the admiration of his staff (here, played by Dennis Weaver, Les Tremayne, Walter Sande, Karl Swenson). Cagney's leadership, courage, and *everyone's* awareness of the high stakes add great excitement.

WHOEVER YOU ARE YOU'RE IN THIS PICTURE!

Because this tells of youth's challenge to grown-ups who don't understand!



"One mistake doesn't make me a scarlet woman!"



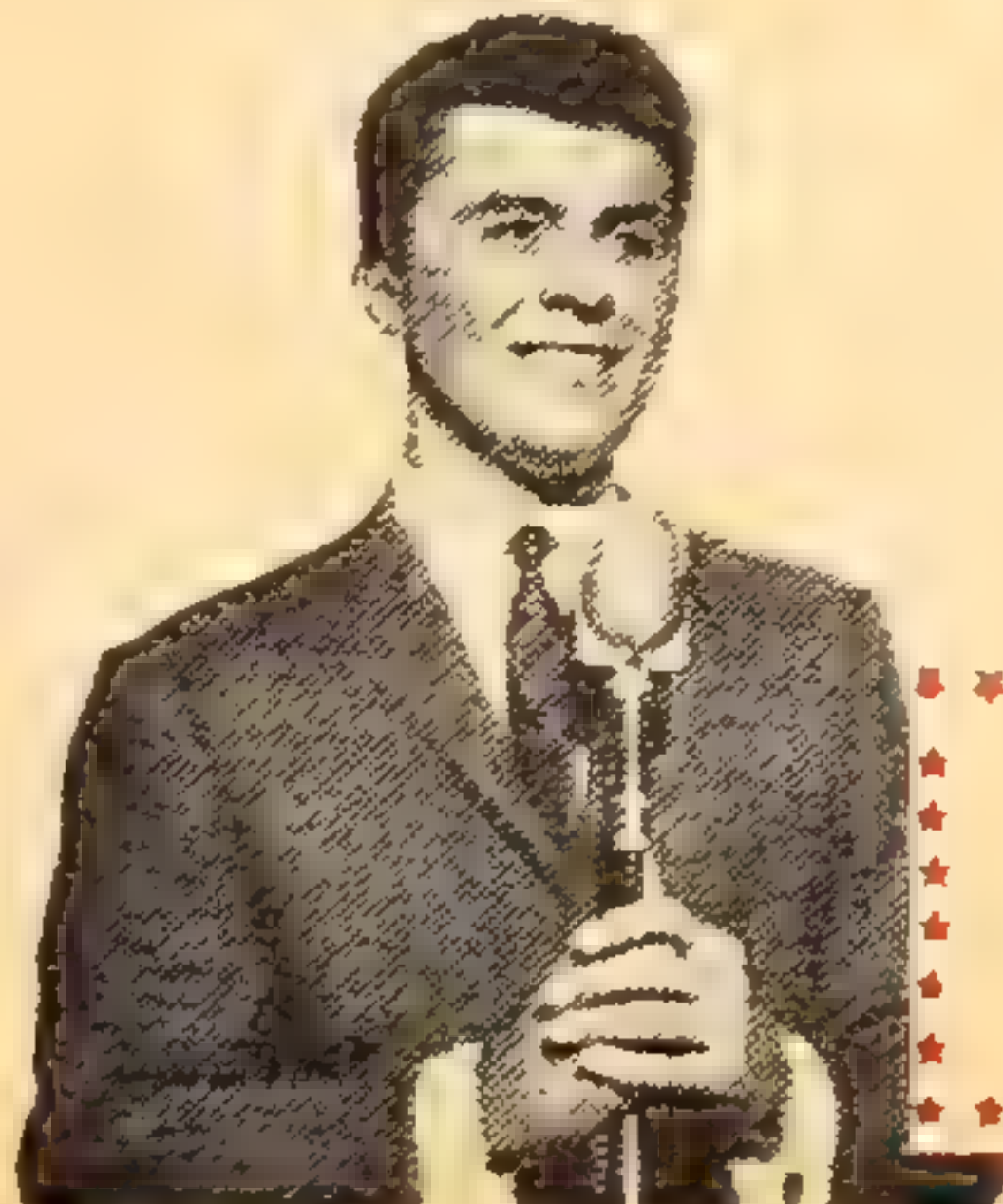
"My kisses aren't going to pay rent for the ring you gave me!"



"We don't love people because they're perfect . . . we'd have no one to love!"

DICK CLARK His first film role!

Columbia Pictures presents the movie you've been hearing about on Radio and TV!



CO STARRING
Michael Callan · Tuesday Weld and Victoria Shaw
with Warren Berlinger · Roberta Shore

Screenplay by James Gunn · Based on a novel by John Farris
Produced by Jerry Bresler · Directed by Paul Wendkos · A Drexel Production

GUEST STARS
James Darren · Duane Eddy and the Rebels
Hear James Darren sing "Because They're Young"

Don't miss the Academy Awards TV show April 4th. Check your local newspaper for time and station.



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Wear it off the shoulder — on the shoulder — strapless. That's one joy of this convertible corselette! Another joy: a zipper that zips in front! Also, there's the chic of a plunged back, the subtle deception of padded cups. Sound expensive? Actual cost is just \$12.50. So even on a no-car income you can afford **CAPRI** by

BESTFORM®



Jack Lacy
Station WINS
New York, N. Y.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. The singing of these two young brothers is hailed by teenagers. One was born in 1937, the other in 1939. Million-record sellers of theirs were WAKE UP, LITTLE SUSIE and BIRD DOG.

2. This curly-headed songster records for Roulette, has been on TV, in films. His

hobbies are piano and guitar. Two million-record sellers were KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE and HONEYCOMB.

3. He's a singer on the Columbia label. He writes songs and insists that his hobby is fishing. One great single is I WALK THE LINE. His latest hit is LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.



Johnny Johnson
Station KOY
Phoenix, Ariz.

4. This songstress is a former ballerina. She records for MGM and is married to conductor Acquaviva. Her latest album is — SINGS SWEET. Her latest single is LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT. Past hit singles were YOUR CHEATING HEART and WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?

5. This great singer's style is so relaxed that some people wait for him to fall asleep while he sings on his TV show. He records for RCA Victor, and he used to be a barber.



Paul Flanagan
Station WPTZ
Albany, N. Y.

6. At ten, he played piano by ear, sang in New Orleans' honky-tonks. His recording company is Imperial. One great single was BLUEBERRY HILL. His latest album is TWELVE MILLION RECORDS.

7. She is known as the greatest jazz singer of our time. She records for Verve Records, was once married to Chick Webb. She's been seen on TV and in films. The song that catapulted her to fame was A TISKET, A TASKET.



Roger Clark
Station WGH
Norfolk, Va.



Jim Mack
Station WJBW
New Orleans, La.

1. Beverly Brothers
2. Jimmie Rodgers
3. Johnny Cash
4. Louie James
5. Perry Como
6. Fats Domino
7. Ella Fitzgerald

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Marriage For Marlon?

Fabulous Kiddie Party

The Clan in Vegas

Personal to Eva Marie



Louella asks the critics to please give Fabian a chance and stop attacking his acting and his singing. He's a nice kid, she declares; he deserves a hand—not a boot.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Prediction: Marlon and France will Marry

Now that the smoke is beginning to clear around the big romantic explosion of the year and we can see the situation a little more clearly, I'm going out on a limb and make a prediction:

That **Marlon Brando** and **France Nuyen** will marry as soon as his divorce is final in May. Perhaps before that, if he can enlist the aid of **Anna Kashfi** (she has to give permission for a 'quickie' divorce in Nevada)—which I doubt. Anna just isn't in the frame of mind to cooperate.

Certainly *l'affaire* Brando-Nuyen-and **Barbara Luna** has been the big story in the love realm out of Hollywood in months and months. For the press it had everything—famous names, jealousy, a headline phrase "compulsive eating" (which first appeared in my front page story), and money—a \$750,000 loss to producer Ray Stark when France had to be replaced in his *The World of Suzie Wong* because she had gained so much weight from compulsive eating, worrying over Marlon and Barbara back in Hollywood.

Unless you've been hibernating in a cave like the bears during these winter months, I'm sure you are familiar with the details:

Marlon and France were apparently very much in love when she left for Hong Kong to start the screen version of her Broadway hit, *The World of Suzie Wong*, opposite **Bill Holden**. Then, it starts getting talked that Brando is seeing Barbara Luna, former girlfriend of **Vic Damone**.

Maybe in way off Hong Kong, France didn't hear this gossip—but she most certainly did when the company got to London to film the interiors.

If you can believe what you hear—France meets emotional problems by eating, eating, eating, and the first thing you know she had added so much poundage she didn't "match" up with the Hong Kong exteriors—and she was removed from the part—practically a million-dollar decision and loss to the producer.

There is, however, an element of mystery here. A friend of mine, a reporter who had gone to London expressly to interview France for a national magazine, tells me she talked with the half-Chinese, half-French charmer the day previous to her departure, "—and she didn't look fat to me. At least, not fat enough to be removed from a role that was practically completed."

Second element adding to the puzzle came after I talked over the telephone to Barbara Luna, herself an exotic Oriental, half-Filipino and half-Hungarian.

"I don't know what all the fuss is about," she told me, "I've been out of town over the

week end and knew nothing about this storm until I returned yesterday.

"I'm not in love with Marlon Brando but I do admire and respect him. I haven't heard from him since all the commotion started. Yes, my name has been submitted to Ray Stark to replace Miss Nuyen in the picture, but I doubt I'll get the part." (She didn't. The girl who made the original test for the picture, **Nancy Kwan**, did.)

Away planed Marlon to New York to meet his "emotionally upset, plus bronchitis victimized" girlfriend, France, as she planed in from England.

Since her return to Hollywood he has been devotion itself, dining with France nightly in the out-of-the-way spots and being most sympathetic.

From all I can gather, France needs friendship and help. Long before she was taken off the film, there were reports that she was very, very difficult, some people close to the situation

saying she was doing all she could to be a "female Brando."

Her outbursts reached the unreasonable stage in London when she blew a fuse over being quartered in the Connaught Hotel, which is one of the finest in London and where the rest of the cast including Bill Holden was staying.

Many people feel faintly sorry for her. Whatever the cause, France has 'blown' a great opportunity—there are few and far between roles as fine for an Oriental girl as *The World of Suzie Wong*. On the other hand there are others, Barbara Luna among them, who feel France has been her own worst enemy. "Marlon never mentioned her name to me," said Barbara, "I don't know her at all—so I cannot say whether I feel sorry for her or not."

My personal reaction is this: It's a shame she lost Suzie—but in the long run France may gain what she apparently wants most—**Marlon Brando**.



Since France Nuyen's return to Hollywood, Moody Marlon Brando has been devotion itself to his emotionally-upset girlfriend.

Las Vegas Highjinks

All roads lead to Las Vegas this month. With *Oceans 11*, starring **Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr.** and **Peter Lawford**, shooting there with a host of guest stars, the gambling mecca was jammed with Hollywoodites and fans from all over the country.

The big show, of course, was the nightly appearance of Frank, Pete, Dean and Sammy, (plus that wonderful **Joey Bishop**) on the stage at the Sands Hotel—and you never heard or saw such wonderful clowning as these top-notchers breaking each other up at every performance.

To give you an idea, during a sentimental song of Frank's Dean Martin called from the wings, "And now we'll hear two words from **Eva Marie Saint!**"

The week end I spent in Las Vegas it was

hard to tell whether there was a better show on the stage or in the audience.

Even those stay-at-homes, **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman**, came down to see the fun. I always thought Joanne a pretty girl. But she is so glowingly happy since her marriage to Paul, she's really beautiful these days.

Her hair is very blonde (for her role in *From The Terrace*) and the night I saw her she was wearing an orange-pink evening gown—by far the prettiest girl in the room (or the chorus).

Joanne told me that when she and Paul complete *Terrace*, she's getting ready to be just "Mrs. Newman." She said, "When Paul leaves for Israel to make *Exodus*, I'm going along just as his wife. Remember when you interviewed me in New York (for *MODERN SCREEN*) I told you I didn't want any long separations in our marriage. So, I'm going along just for the ride," she laughed.

Shirley MacLaine was bounding around

here, there and everywhere. She had come to Vegas to do a small guest appearance role in *Oceans 11* with Frank—and Miss Shirley was having a ball.

The little Mexican comedian, **Cantinflas**, is such a dear. Chatted with him right after the show at the Sands and he invited me to be a 'guest' in his picture! My typewriter keeps me too busy.

Mrs. Peter Lawford was in a party with her distinguished brother, Senator Jack Kennedy, who is running as fast as he can to be the Democratic presidential nominee.

Joey Bishop said from the stage, directly to the Senator: "If you become President, sir, I have a few requests—just simple ones: Make Sinatra ambassador to Italy, send Lawford to England—and for me—just see I don't get drafted again."

Las Vegas is always jumping. But I wonder if it will ever hit this peak of on-stage and off-stage excitement again. Wow!



Joanne and Paul enjoyed the big show the *Oceans 11* cast put on at the Sands.



The stars: Peter Lawford; Frank Sinatra; Dean Martin; Sammy Davis, Jr.; the producer, Jack Entratter; and comedian Joey Bishop.



Sammy and Frankie applauded the others; they all were great.



Senator John Kennedy (center) chatted with his sister Pat and her husband, Peter Lawford.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



PARTY of the month

Never have the Hollywood juveniles had it so exotic as the Oriental costume party **Lita** and **Rory Calhoun** hosted for daughter **Cindy's** third birthday. The entire nursery social set was there, turned out in Oriental splendor—and never have you seen anything so cute.

To show you how far this Oriental angle was carried out, the hostess, Miss **Cindy Calhoun**, and her sister **Tami** had a regular studio hairdresser do their hair in Eastern style—and when **Lita** first saw her **Cindy** she didn't recognize her child in the black wig and make-up. **Carrie Frances Fisher** and her brother **Todd** were done up in Japanese costumes **Debbie Reynolds** had bought for them in Honolulu. The little Fishers attended under the proud eye of their great-grandmother, **Mrs. O. Harmon** who was visiting **Mrs. Maxine Reynolds**. She told me she had never seen such adorable costumes and such a children's dream of toys as highlighted the big **Calhoun** garden.

There were hobby horses, big stuffed animals including a life-size giraffe and elephant big enough for the children to ride. There was a merry-go-round playing tinkling tunes, balloons galore—and everywhere, everywhere were the 'little people' toddling around in their Japanese or Chinese togs.

Keenan Wynn's two little girls, **Hilda** and **Edwina**, had fantastic eyebrows under their coolie hats. **Keenan**, who came with them, told me he had made them up.

Charlie Robert Stack, son of **Rosemary** and **Robert Stack**, wanted no part of any of the little girls and ran away bawling when they came near. His big sister **Elizabeth** had herself a time, particularly when she sat down at the table and saw the big cake decorated in Oriental motif. Her eyes got as big as the cake.

The table where the children sat was gaily decorated with every Japanese favor imaginable and they brought squeals of delight from each and every little guest.

Dean Martin's youngest, **Gina**, was the only one who did not come in Oriental splendor, selecting instead a ballet costume. She is the cutest thing you ever saw and as good as gold, never grabbing a thing off the table—which is more than I can say for some of the other Orientals.

Jane Powell's three, **Cissy**, **Jay** and **Lindsay**, amused themselves—the two older ones playing ping-pong in a corner and the youngest just jumping up and down on a specially constructed contraption.

Two of my godchildren were done to the teeth, I mean **Miss Dolly Madison** (accompanied by her parents **Sheila** and **Guy Madison**) and little **Tami Calhoun**, the cutest Oriental I ever saw. **Dolly's** older sisters **Brigit** and **Erin** were in Japanese kimonos with their long blonde hair falling to their shoulders.

John Wayne's little **Aissa** was ill—so **Lita** sent her all the favors to make up to the youngster for missing out on the big social event of the season.

Got a chuckle out of **Ricardo Montalban** arriving by himself because his small son **Victor** had the flu and **Georgiana** had to nurse the young man. **Ricardo** had promised to bring home a blow by blow account of the event plus any favors he could pick up!

One young lady I would love to have stolen was tiny **Nikki Ericson**, the **John Ericson's** beauty. What a darling and so well behaved.

I missed seeing **Yvonne De Carlo** and her son **Bruce** who were late and arrived after I left. But I wouldn't have missed this party for anything!



Carrie Frances and Todd came in costumes Debbie bought them in Honolulu.



This is the banquet room that Lita and Rory Calhoun prepared in honor of their daughter Cindy's third birthday. The kids never had it so exotic.



Mrs. Calhoun and little Miss Calhoun (right) chat with the Madison children.



Keenan Wynn had made up those fantastic eyebrows specially for his little girl Edwina.



Gina Martin, Dean's youngest, came in a ballet costume.

The Star Had to Go to Bed

Sue and **Alan Ladd** invited a few of us to dine at their home (really a beautiful place since Sue redecorated it) and see a special showing of *Dog of Flanders*. It's the first time I've been present at a movie party at which the star of the picture had to retire before the screening because of his tender years—and I do mean 11-year-old **David Ladd**.

Right after dinner, David politely made the rounds shaking hands with the **Gregory Pecks**, pretty **Margot Moore** (leading lady of *Wake Me When It's Over*), her fiancé Bob Radnitz—who produced *Dog of Flanders*, and the Hall Bartletts.

To each and every one of us, he said (loud enough for Alan to hear), "I certainly hope you enjoy the picture. I'd like to stay up and see it myself, but—" Alan didn't come up for air. The star of this delightful and enchanting movie about a boy and his dog departed slowly upstairs.

But don't think for a moment that Sue and Alan aren't proud of their small fry. David is such a fine little actor. "If he keeps on being this much competition he's going to have to pay for his room and board," kidded Alan.

The movie was made in Holland and Belgium and the backgrounds in color are so beautiful. Take my word for it that *Dog of Flanders* is worth your investment at the box office—a breath of clean, vigorous fresh air and beauty in the midst of too many smutty plots.



*Sue and Alan Ladd are certainly proud of their David (center); he's a fine little actor in a delightful movie—*Dog of Flanders*.*

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



I'm on my
SOAP BOX



Eva Marie Saint is a fine person, but hates being called 'nice.'



OPEN LETTER

To Eva Marie Saint

If you think I'm on a soap box to lecture you about that headlined 'word' you used at the Producer's Dinner, you are mistaken. I've known you ever since you came to Hollywood and I know you to be a fine mother, wife and actress—and a very 'nice' person as well, as much as you hate being called 'nice.'

But, my dear, never be afraid to say "I'm sorry."

So far, you've said everything else.

When I talked with you over the phone the following morning, you said: "You've known me well enough to know I don't ordinarily use such language."

"I had expected **Jack Benny** to say just a few words introducing me—instead he made such a flowery speech, including how **George**

Jessel would have said it, that I didn't think I could reply with a mere 'thank you.'

"It was a closed party, that is, no TV or radios, and I thought I was among friends. I guess I wanted to 'top' Mr. Benny, a dramatic impulse of an actress—and well, it just popped out!

"But with all the important things happening all over the world—they've sure made a big fuss about me on the front pages."

And you are right, there was a lot of comment—some being indulgent and excusing you, others having the proverbial 'fit' gasping, "Eva Marie Saint of all people!" Well, so much for the unfortunate slip itself—and the ensuing reaction.

But afterward, there were some stories printed that you woke up in the middle of the night laughing about it, and there were other stories insinuating that you didn't really care about saying that word.

I don't believe it. But I do think that if you ever get in a spot like this again (heaven forbid) it would be so easy—and so like the real Eva Marie Saint, to say that one little phrase, "I'm sorry."

For heaven's sake, let's give **Fabian** a chance. These kind words on my part are not payola because he sends me red roses by the dozens and is also so very grateful when I print anything complimentary about him.

I happen to know that he is very hurt over much of the criticism he has taken about his movie acting. But it is in his favor that he isn't becoming difficult or temperamental about it.

He told me, "I guess getting panned is doing me good. I want to be deserving of the chance I'm getting at 20th. I'm now studying with Sandy Meisner in the hopes of getting some pleasant nods from the critics instead of their disapproval."

Despite his enormous popularity as a singer, he doesn't claim to be the greatest warbler on the pike. "I caught on," he admits, "I'm lucky."

Such a nice kid deserves a hand—not a boot. He's only 17—and it's to his everlasting credit that this big success hasn't gone to his head.

He doesn't talk about it much, but he feels he has a debt to aid other young people. He and **Frankie Avalon** hope to raise \$750,000 from their records and personal appearances to go to youth centers around the country.

And while he has been shooting *High Time*, his college campus movie with **Bing Crosby**, at Stockton, California, not a Sunday has gone by that Fabian hasn't visited the Stockton Boys' Home to put on a show for these less fortunate boys.

For his efforts in their—and his own—behalf I repeat—let's give this boy a great big chance. He deserves it.



Fabian's hurt about those cracks.



(Left to right): Barbara Fredrickson Crosby cuts the cake; groom Lindsay, Philip and Sandra Crosby, Dennis and Pat Crosby, and maid-of-honor Nina Vaughn smile; Gary Crosby, the unmarried brother, ponders the situation.

Another Crosby Settled

During the height of the quite formal reception **Bing and Kathy Crosby** gave for **Linny Crosby** and his bride Barbara Frederickson (nothing served but wedding cake and vintage champagne), Bing came downstairs carrying his only daughter, infant Mary Frances.

"Note how good I am at this," he kidded, "complete support of her spine and her head doesn't wobble because I have it in a hammer lock." Bing's a happy man these days with a little girl in his life and all those old feuds with his sons settled.

Millie and Dean's Confusing Romance

I'm confused about all this pussyfooting secrecy in the romance of **Millie Perkins** and **Dean Stockwell**. Here are two healthy, happy young people, obviously very much in love, who carry on their nice boy-and-girl romance as though it were some sort of illicit *grande passion*.

Even when they first started dating in Hollywood, while Millie was making *Diary of Anne Frank*, they entered small restaurants by the back door. If photographers showed up they fled like a pair of guilty married (to someone else) lovers.

Why?

Not long ago, when Millie returned from visiting Dean in London where he is working in *Sons and Lovers*, she moved into his home. Nothing wrong with that. Dean wasn't in this country and why shouldn't Millie use the house until he returned?

Yet, when a press agent at 20th called her there, Millie disguised her voice saying, 'Miss Perkins no livvee here,' or something like that.

Someone who was in London on Dean's picture told me that when he innocently inquired of Millie if she and Dean expected to marry in England she looked as though he had said something risqué and turned her back. Dean managed to stand up under it better and admitted they are engaged before walking away.

I hope her first and only movie starring role, playing Anne Frank and hiding out in a garret so long, hasn't rubbed off on Millie.

Doesn't she know, as Mr. Shakespeare put it, "all the world loves a lover"—particularly when the romancers are such nice, wholesome youngsters as Dean and Millie. . .?



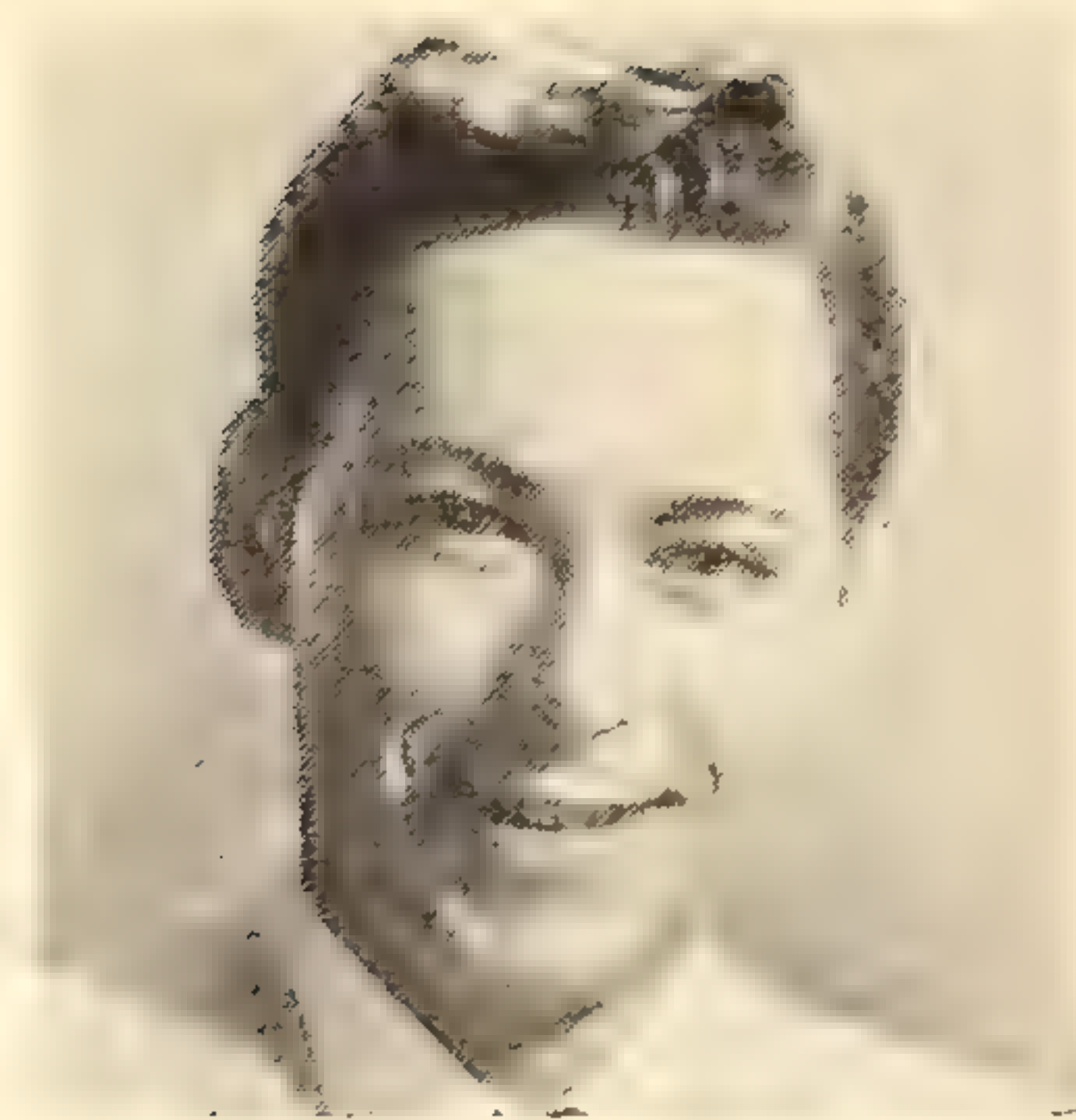
... "All the world loves a lover," but Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell don't want the world to know about their romance.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Many fans were heartbroken about the death of Margaret Sullivan.



John Kerr is great—
But where is he . . . ?



Bing Crosby handed out lots of laughs to the fans following him.



Tuesday Weld just might be a lot smarter than we all think. . . .



LETTER BOX

Are you sure **Tuesday Weld** isn't foxing all you columnists by being a lot smarter than you think? A year ago, no one had ever heard of this girl. Today she is nationally and internationally known as the girl who showed up barefoot on a TV show, who never combs her hair, etc. Her salary has jumped by leaps and bounds. Dumb? I wish I were so dumb! is the pertinent comment of **CLAIRE KELLY** (no relation to the movie star) of **DULUTH**. Maybe you've got something there, Claire. . . .

BEVERLY EDWARDS, **ORINDA, CALIFORNIA**, writes: I attended the **Bing Crosby** Golf Tournament in Monterey—yes, in all that storm and downpour. I had always heard that Bing was cold and stand-offish. He couldn't have been nicer to me and he and **Phil Harris** certainly handed lots of laughs to the crowds that followed the players. I love Bing. I'm sure Mr. Crosby thanks you, Beverly. . . .

I dare you to print this: It makes me sick the way you writers harp on **Marlon Brando's** hassles with **Anna Kashfi** and his 'love life' with **France Nuyen** and **Barbara Luna**, snaps **KATRINA BOYER**, **BROOKLYN**. The only important thing about Marlon is that he is

the screen's greatest actor! It's Marlon making the news about his love life, my fine friend, not the writers. We just report it. . . .

DIANA DIXON, **ATLANTA**, cried my eyes out when I read of the death of my beloved **Margaret Sullivan** and learned of her serious deafness. I am not a teen-ager, in fact, I am the mother of four small children. But no actress of the screen ever gave me so much pleasure as the incomparable Margaret and I shall never forget her. Your sentiments are echoed by many others who remember Margaret in her heyday and who grieve over her passing, Diana. . . .

Where, oh where is **John Kerr**? He's the greatest in **SOUTH PACIFIC**. Yet Hollywood lets him get away—and **MODERN SCREEN** isn't much better. No stories on him, complains **THERESA MCNEILL**, **DALLAS**. I agree John is great but I'll be darned if I know where he is.

This is an old query—but still many people ask the question posed by **MRS. SAM FEINBERG**, **CLEVELAND**: What do the stars do with their old clothes either from their personal or studio wardrobe? Can the public buy them? Some stars give their clothes outright to charity organizations, Mrs. Sam. Others give them to be sold by charity organizations which maintain small shops. But most of the clothes worn by actresses go back into the studio wardrobe departments to be remodeled for "extras" or lesser players. And there are always relatives

to inherit personal wardrobes of the stars.

Do you think **Doris Day** is really shy or is she just using this as a means for escaping personal appearances, charity affairs and other outside interests? asks **VIVIEN McCARY** of **WALLA WALLA, WASH.** I think Doris is shy—but I also think she dislikes very much making appearances, although she isn't as retiring as she used to be. . . .

There were more comments about **Carol Lynley** than any of the new young femmes this month—all of them good. **SHELLEY CHESTER**, of **LOS ANGELES**, says: Carol's face is tender and beautiful—she is indeed **YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME** and she is our next big woman star—when she becomes a woman. . . .

Maybe you and American fans might be interested in letter from German girl, **CHRISTA WALZ**, living in **STUTTGART, GERMANY**, and how we feel about **USA** stars, writes this same **CHRISTA WALZ**. We like very much **Marlon Brando** but also **Pat Boone** who are of a difference, no? So far, only read about **Fabian**, **Paul Anka**, **Ricky Nelson** and this 'Kookie' but we want to know better. You can see, we are very dated. Not dated, Christa, you mean 'up-to-date.' And yes, we enjoy knowing about your favorites.

That's all this month. See you next month.

Luella Parsons

MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, your birthstone is the emerald and your flower is the lily of the valley. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

May 1—**Glenn Ford**

May 2—**Bing Crosby**

May 4—**Audrey Hepburn**

May 6—**Stewart Granger**

May 7—**Gary Cooper**

May 8—**Lex Barker**

May 15—**Anna Maria Alberghetti**

Ursula Thiess

Joseph Cotten

James Mason

May 16—**Henry Fonda**

Liberace

May 17—**Dennis Hopper**

May 20—**George Gobel**

James Stewart

May 21—**Raymond Burr**

Rick Jason

May 22—**Susan Strasberg**

Laurence Olivier

May 23—**Joan Collins**

Betty Garrett

John Payne

May 24—**Mai Zetterling**

May 25—**Jeanne Crain**

Susan Morrow

Victoria Shaw

Steve Cochran

May 26—**James Arness**

John Wayne

May 28—**Carroll Baker**

Sally Forrest

May 31—**Elaine Stewart**



Anne Baxter
May 7



Fred Astaire
May 10



Maureen O'Sullivan
May 17



Vincent Price
May 27



*Gift of
beauty*

BRA BY PERMA-LIFT

**Adorned with Self-Fitting Cups
Blessed with the Neveride Band**

See how the Magic Insets gently cradle your bosom from the sides and from below, gloriously lifting you to bewitching new lines. Self-Fitting cups conform to your exact size and the "Perma-lift" Neveride Band holds your bra in place always. Long line style of wash 'n' wear cotton, \$5. Bandeau Bra \$3. At nice stores everywhere.

■ Three of the fellows in Donna Reed's son's gang started to take newspaper routes, because their father, a self-made, very successful business man, wanted them to "know how to work."

It was getting pretty lonely, young Reed thought, with half the gang gone, "out working," so he figured he might as well get himself a route, too.

Donna, who has always been very careful not to let her kids be spoiled by money or by her fame, thought it was a fine idea. Teach them independence, initiative, self-reliance, perseverance, conscientiousness. Donna was certainly proud of her boy.

Meantime, the last remaining boy in the bunch was the loneliest, and longed to join in what "everybody else is doing." But his father, an *un*-self-made millionaire—couldn't see any reason for any son of his to be delivering newspapers and wouldn't give his consent. So most of the time, the boy was either moping around the mansion waiting for the other guys to be free, or else hanging around Donna Reed's house, waiting for his buddies to come home from the route.

The next week, Donna noticed that the millionaire's son didn't come around any more, and that her own son got back from delivering all those papers pretty quickly.

She was worried that maybe his original enthusiasm was lagging, that he was tired of the job and cutting corners now, to get it over with . . . And where was all that perseverance and conscientiousness?

So she gently probed him:

"Darling, you're still with your newspaper route, aren't you?"

"Sure, Mom."

"Well, uh, you do take time to get close enough to the house so that the paper lands on the *porch*, don't you? I mean, you don't just rush by and aim at the lawn, or the driveway . . .?"

"No, Mom, honest."

Well, that seemed to be that, and then one day Donna happened to be outside around delivery time, and discovered the secret of her speedy young business man. There was the limousine, belonging to the millionaire, and the millionaire's son, and the chauffeur, and the "hard-working" guys in the gang, and they all had just returned from their routes.

And who do you think ran the papers up to the porches?

You guessed it, the chauffeur.

Donna Reed: SMART BUSINESS- MAN, THAT BOY OF HERS



(Continued from page 7)
Can't our friends go elsewhere to hunt?"
He didn't answer her immediately, then he asked her to let him sleep on it. When she approached him about it the next day, he admitted, "I just can't stop it. It's . . . it's a tradition. How can I put an end to something as deeply rooted as that?"

"Oh my dear," the Princess said, "I have prayed to St. Francis, the patron saint of the birds, to show me what is right, and I believe my prayers are answered. I know, deep in my heart, that this is murder, that we are sanctioning destruction of God's beauty right here on our estate."

The Prince had no reply.

The following morning, after the usual round of gunfire from the hunters, Princess Grace went to the Prime Minister to seek his advice. He was very sympathetic but suggested she talk to the Prince.

The Prime Minister looked at her kindly, lifted his right hand to adjust his silver pince-nez, and said, "In this matter, Your Royal Highness, *you* can probably exercise the greatest influence."

When she talked to the Prince again he said he needed time to think about it. And all through the following months of October and November the hunting continued.

December arrived with cold winds, snow. Gifts were to be chosen for her staff, for her own dear children, for her beloved Prince. Two weeks before Christmas, when she told him she had ordered a white Jaguar convertible as a gift for him, she smiled and added, "My darling, the greatest gift you can give me this year is—"

He lifted a finger to her lips and stopped her sentence short. "Wait!" he said. "I have a surprise for you. But I can't tell you until Christmas Day."

"But—"

"Please," he begged. "Wait!"

On Christmas morning, she awaited his gift with anticipation. The Prince gave her a diamond tiara with teardrop earrings. The diamonds were dazzlingly beautiful, and she was thrilled, but what she wanted for Christmas was . . .

"This isn't all," the Prince added, interrupting her thoughts as she admired the tiara and the earrings. He handed her a large ivory parchment envelope. "Read this," he said.

Removing the crinkling sheet of parchment from the envelope, she began reading, and her heartbeat quickened from a sudden, overwhelming happiness. It was a Royal Decree with an official seal, signed with the Prince's flourishing signature, *for all hunting on palace grounds to terminate commencing this Christmas Day.*

"It was what you told me about St. Francis that convinced me," the Prince admitted. She looked up, into the Prince's twinkling eyes. She murmured a prayer of thanksgiving to the patron saint of the birds, and, smiling, she stepped forward to meet her husband's tender embrace.

END

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

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TANFASTIC

GET
BOBBY DARIN'S
NEWEST 45 POP RECORD
"SHE'S TANFASTIC!"
with Bobby's "Moment of Love" on the flip side!
Send 50¢ for each record,
with your name and address, to:
Tanfastic, Box 4A, Hollywood, California
(Offer expires December 31, 1960. Void where
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Want a honey of a tan in a hurry?
There's only one lotion with a tanning booster
that gives you a faster, *natural* tan...
and no burning or peeling.
It's Tanfastic!
And what better way to show off
your Tanfastic tan than in the swimsuit above
—"Tanfastic" by White Stag!



creamy white
available everywhere in
handy tubes or
plastic squeeze bottles



the Wedding of the Month

■ The ceremony was in the lovely candle-lit Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on New York City's Fifth Avenue. Not quite the wedding of Evy's dreams—not in her own church, back home in Denmark, with her own family at her side—but still, dignified, reverent, beautiful. Jimmy's too-full schedule would not let him travel, and Evy had waited a long, long time for this marriage. She had wanted it to be right, to be forever. Now she was done with waiting. There was no telling how long it would be before Jimmy could go to Copenhagen; her family would understand, and Evy and Jimmy would visit them when they went to Europe—as man and wife.

Jimmy's father had taken her aside and said gently, "You will be like a daughter to me," and so it was he who gave the bride away.

The photographers (the very few who were admitted, by personal invitation only) respected the Church's ruling of "No flashbulbs." No reporters, no autograph hunters, to disturb the beauty of the ancient rite.

Jimmy and Evy wanted to cooperate with the press, though, and planned to pose on the church steps immediately after the wedding. But they were met with a mob of squealing girls, crying, "Jimmy, don't leave us," and trying to kiss him. Some representatives from the studio had been waiting by the car, keeping the motor running, ready to rush the newlyweds off to the private reception. Now they couldn't even help. The mob of fans and photog-

raphers had surged around Jimmy and Evy with such force that they were gradually being pushed, not in the direction of the waiting car, but into the church fence. Photographers shoved through, shouting directions, "Hey, Evy, over here, let's have a smile . . . Hey, Evy, give us a few words on how it feels to be Mrs. Darren. . . ."

At that moment Jimmy bent to whisper something to a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, and a photographer yelled, "Hey, lady, get out of the way, I'm trying to get a shot of the bride and groom."

Jimmy could take no more.

"Get this straight," he said firmly, coldly, as he put his arm protectively around the woman. "Don't talk to my mother that way or there'll be no pictures at all. . . ."

The couple finally managed to get to the car, despite the girls who struggled to touch him through the open window. They were still calling, "Jimmy, don't leave us," as they followed the limousine down the street.

As they drove away, Jimmy tenderly cupped Evy's face, so serious-looking now, in his hands and said, concerned, "I hope all that rumpus didn't upset you, Evy; I hope it didn't spoil your wedding day. . . ."

She hushed him with a kiss. "No, my darling," she murmured, "I will remember always the beautiful moments at the altar—that is what counts—and *this*: I have you. . . ."

END

Evy Norlund—Jimmy Darren



Jimmy's in Columbia's BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG.



Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Your hairdresser will tell you
 a blonde's best friend is

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol®** Creme Hair Lightener

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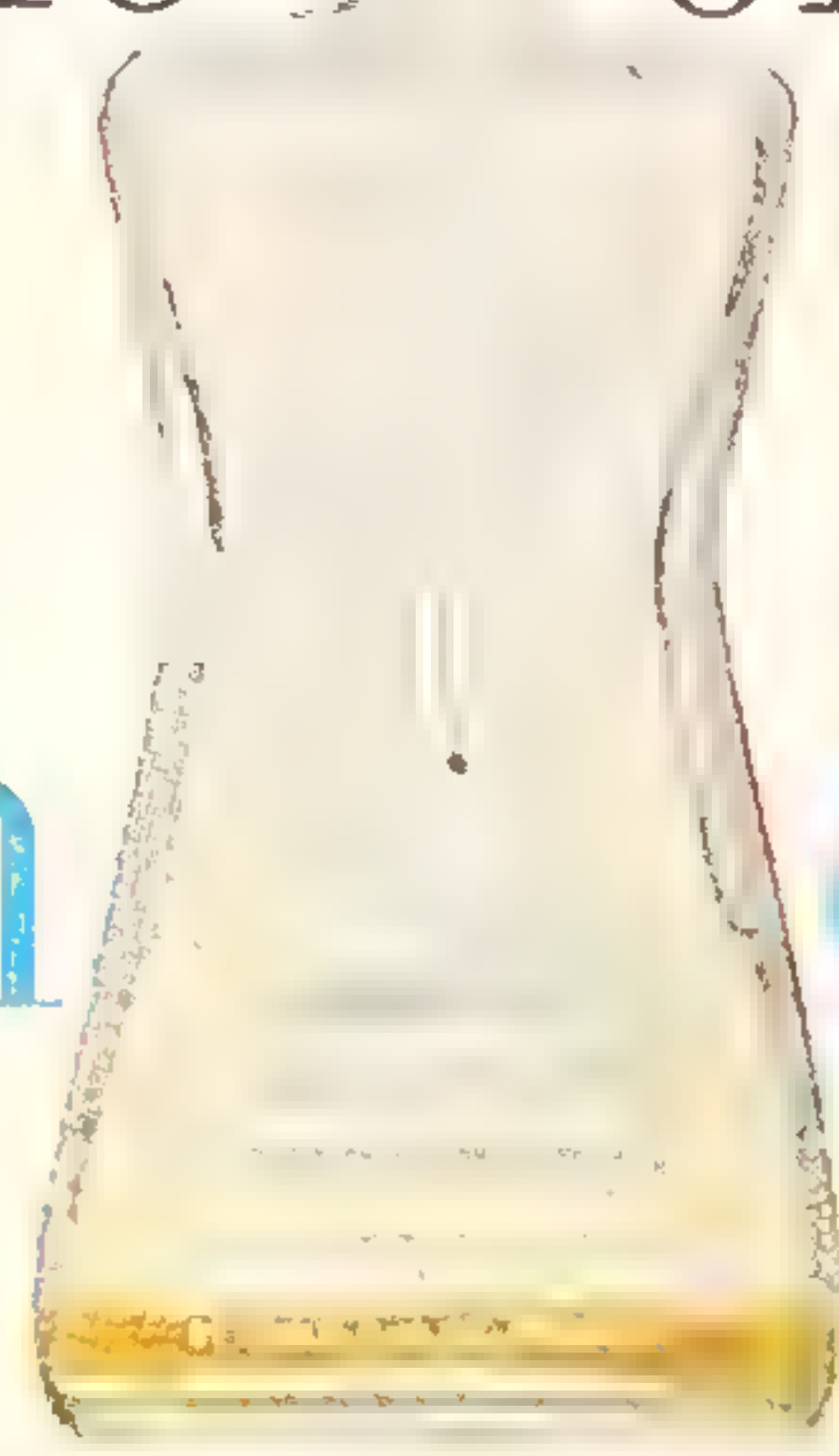
Each curl and wave on this page came out of this bottle of protein waving shampoo

wash'n

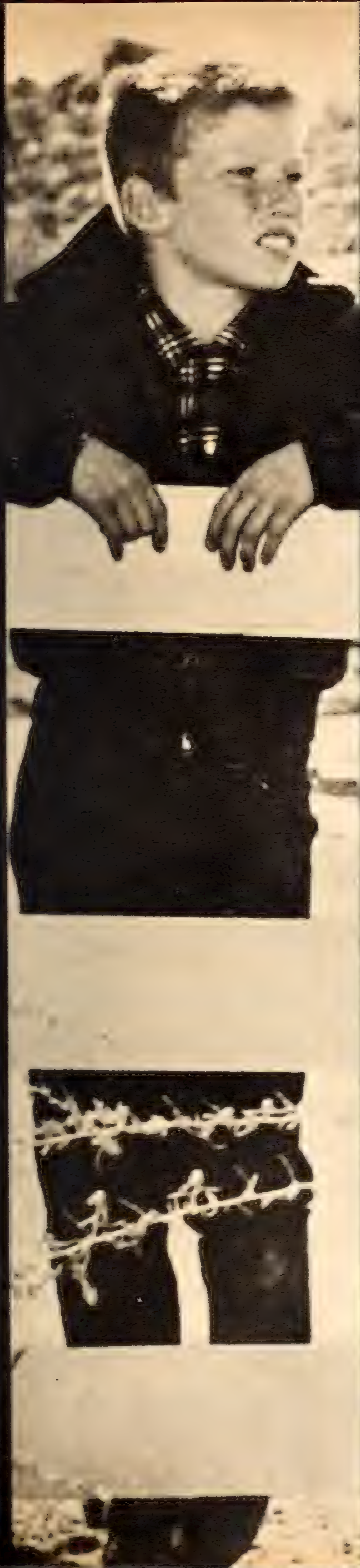
curl by Lanolin Plus

\$1.50
plus
tax

*the greatest discovery
since the home permanent!*



Each model's hair was washed, suds left for five minutes, rinsed and set. Lovely, lustrous waves last from shampoo to shampoo.



DORIS DAY'S SECRET SON

This picture of Terry Melcher
was taken many years ago.
Since then, there have been
no public photographs, no
discussion of him by his parents.
Now—Modern Screen lifts the veil
on Hollywood's best-kept
family secret →



"I do not want to talk about my private life!" For several years now, Doris Day has greeted interviewers with these words—and a charming smile. "Tell us about Terry," the interviewer will persist, "I understand he's living at home now, and...." But suddenly the interviewer will stop, feeling under the table the warning kick of the studio representative or press agent who attends such interviews with Doris, and noticing how Doris' charming smile has quickly disappeared into a frown. "Okay," he will say, "let's get on with it. Shall we talk about your latest record, or picture, or how about giving

us your opinion of Rock Hudson?" And so it will go; small talk, small talk, small talk. For over the Melcher home a heavy cloud of secrecy has been dropped—a cloud so heavy that many of Doris' most ardent fans are not aware she's a mother, few know that her son Terry is eighteen years old, and none of us have seen any pictures of Terry in the last few years. A few months ago, we at Modern Screen began to ask ourselves (and others) *Why?* And the harder we looked into the matter the stranger it all became. We learned that Terry's dad—a man named Al Jorden, divorced from Doris sixteen

years ago, and whom we tracked down recently in Cincinnati—knew as little about his own son as we did. "Haven't seen the boy in twelve years now," he said. "Say, you wouldn't happen to have a recent picture of him, would you?" When we told him we did not—that *no one* did—Jorden said: "I'd like to see my boy. But I haven't been able to. I wonder what he's like now. I'd sure like to know." This spurred us on. *Where was Terry now? What kind of boy was he? Why—why was his mother hiding him? The story that follows presents, for the first time in any magazine, the answer....*
(Continued on page 66)

BRING ME BACK TO YOUR HOUSE, OH LORD

SUDDENLY, IN ANSWER TO HIS PLEA,
ELVIS FELT AN EASTER MIRACLE
HAPPENING INSIDE HIS HEART....

■ The little old man stood along with the rest of the mob outside the Hollywood hotel where Elvis was staying.

His was the only placid face of the group. He was the only one who did not speak.

"*When's he coming?*" some of the others, girls, would ask from time to time.

Those who knew were proud to tell: "He had to do his TV rehearsal with Frank Sinatra this morning, don't y'understand? He had to go to the studio, too, to talk about his next picture. They had a big homecoming lunch for him at the commissary over at Paramount. It's probably not even over yet.

"But don't worry. He'll be here. Soon . . . I hope!"

The little old man listened. And he continued to wait.

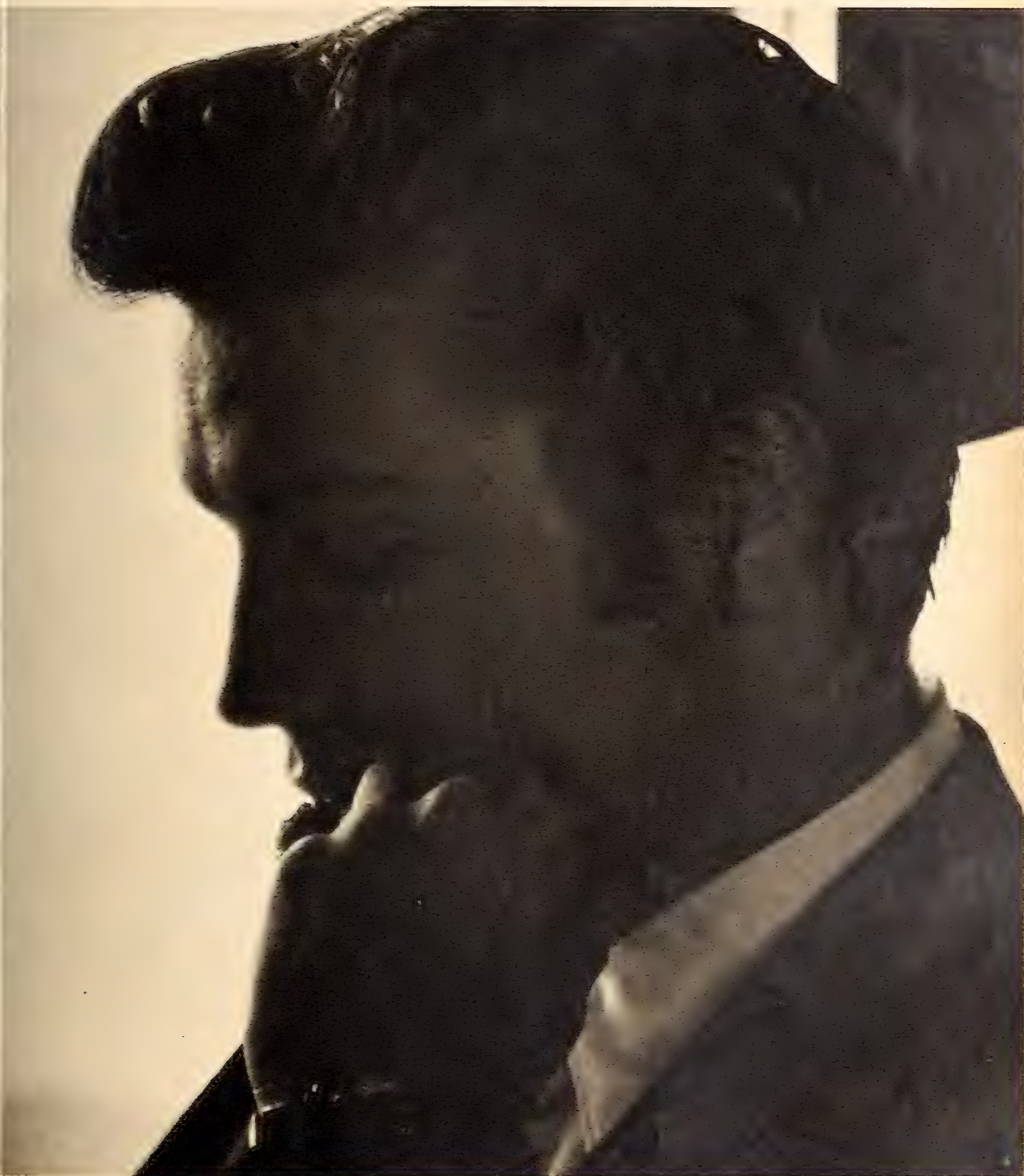
And he smiled when, finally, the big white Cadillac was seen coming down the long palm-lined street and the shout went up among the girls: "*El-vis!!*"

He watched the famous young man as he stepped out of his car, as he waved at the mob.

He watched the mob as it began to push closer around the famous young man. And then he, too, began to push.

Old as he was, small as he was, he was at Elvis' side
(Continued on page 72)

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JUDI, THE LITTLE

Young
girls in
Hollywood
— seventh
of a
series

Subject:
Judi Meredith



LOVE - GODDESS

■ One recent morning, a white Plymouth convertible streaked out of Hollywood along Ventura Boulevard a few notches under the speed of light. At the wheel, Judi Meredith muttered "Darn!" when the cop wailed her down. She smoothed her wind-tossed auburn mop impatiently, turned up the radio full-blast to drown out the scolding, and sassily stuck out her hand for the ticket. Then she gunned off, dusting the cop's pants with her fender. The cop didn't like it at all.

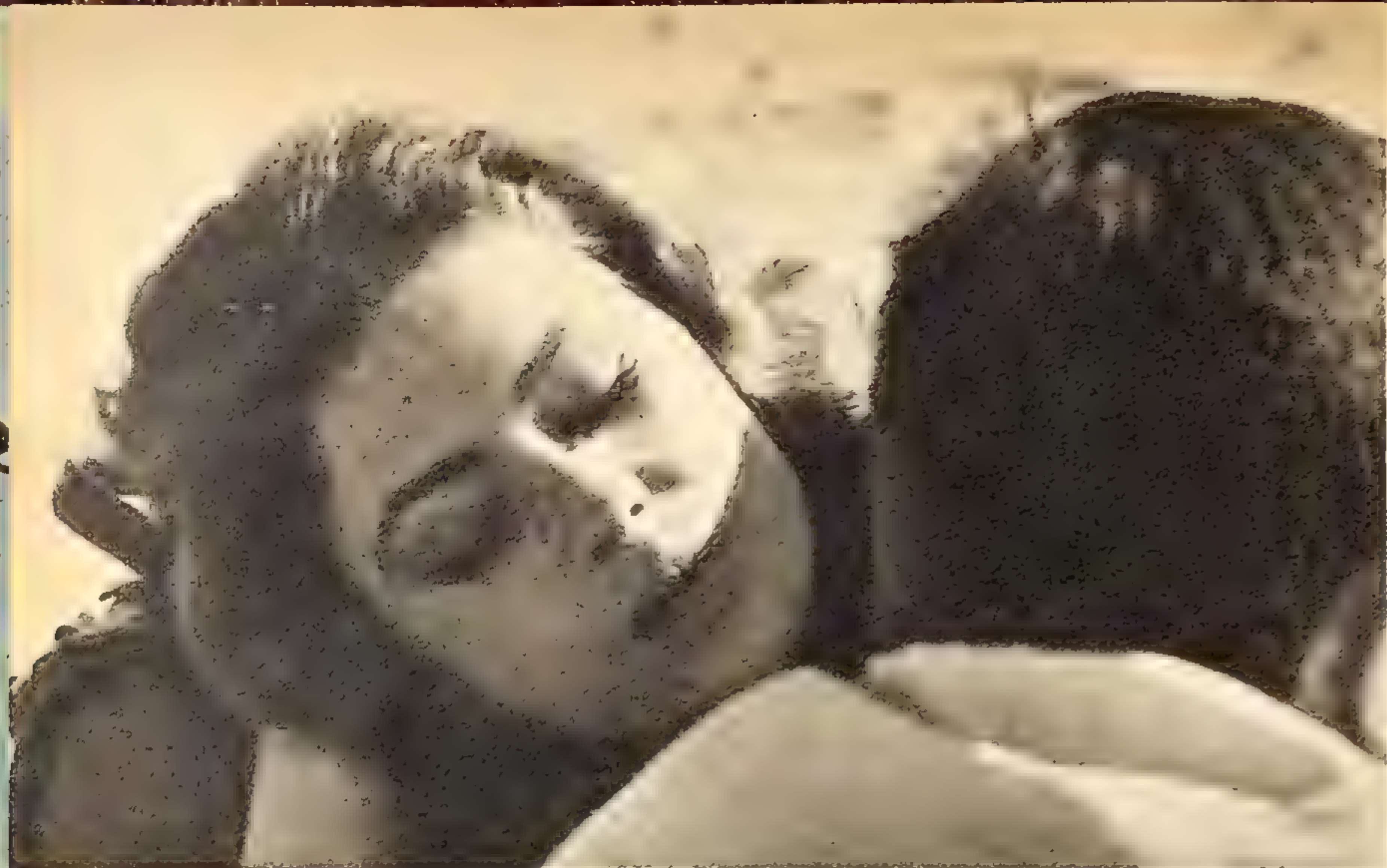
Two blocks later he flagged her again. This time Judi blasted away

with a roar that knocked off his cap. The third time, the Law inquired ominously, "Where do you want to go, Lady—jail?"

"No," stated Judi, leveling her hazel-green eyes. "I want to go to my job—and I'm late." This time she left him gasping in confusion and a puff of scorched rubber. That evening, when Judi Meredith got home, she dumped three speed tickets out of her purse, collected in almost as many minutes.

She also opened a ribboned box on her doorstep and put the red roses in a vase. They *(Continued on page 37)*





Judi Meredith—*continued*

I'm the kind of girl who frightens people because if I love someone, I come right out and say "I love you."





came from the cop who'd flagged her down.

That's a fair sample of saucy, sexy Judi Meredith's effect on men. On the record, it's devastating.

In the five years since Judi hit Hollywood, she's been engaged, officially, and

unofficially, five times—to Troy Donahue, Wendell Niles, Jr. and Barry Coe, among others. In between, she's had so many dates she can't remember them. Frank Sinatra adores her and Bobby Darin does, too. Judi dates delightedly and (*Continued on page 68*)

SCOOP!

KIM TO MARRY!

■ *Within the next few months, Kim Novak will marry! We are delighted to report this scoop. We are delighted that her groom-to-be is the talented director, Richard Quine. Their story has its beginnings in the long-ago—long before they ever actually met. Nineteen years ago, to be exact. In 1941....*

In 1941, Kim Novak was Marilyn Novak, a pudgy, pigtailed girl of eight. She lived with her parents (her dad was a railroad worker) in a small apartment in the lower-middle-class Polish section of Chicago. She had a sister, Arlene, two years and eight months older than herself, considered by one and all (Continued on page 81)



AMERICA'S

■ “Please write a story about Johnny Nash, and print his picture. We think he’s marvelous.” The letter was addressed to *Modern Screen* and signed by six teen-age girls from Atlanta. That was four months ago, the first inkling we had that a new star was being born. We heard his records, *A Very Special Love*, *As Time Goes By*, *Too Proud*, but had no idea who he was. More letters came in, so we sent for photographs of this fellow Nash. We were not surprised to find he was a teen-ager. We were surprised that he was Negro . . . and delighted. We had known it was going to happen sooner or later. Belafonte had paved the way. Johnny Mathis built himself a teen-age following, but sooner or later, some Negro boy had to come along who could hold his own with Fabian and Frankie Avalon, Tommy Sands, Bobby Darin, and from the streams of letters that were now coming in, we knew this boy was doing it. Johnny Nash was not simply another entertainer . . . he was something new in our world . . . he was the first Negro to become a teen idol. (Continued on page 76)

FIRST NEGRO TEEN IDOL!



Diane McBain, Brian Kelly, Cindy Robbins,
and Mike Callan prove:

No TEARS NO Trouble When Your DATES are Double



Diane wears a



Diane's 1-piece knit, Catalina. Sun lotion by Tanfastic. 2-piece paisley, Marina Del Mar

■ There comes a time in every girl's life when she's *not* in love and she sees no good reason why she should *be* in love . . . at least not immediately. Things are just too pleasant the way they are. No madness, no lovers' fights, no sadness, no sleepless nights. But it's no easy matter to keep things in that euphoric state. At least that is what Diane McBain has (Continued on page 74)

cotton sheath Mickey and Brian admire the girls' summer fashions



Cindy's suit . . . Catalina . . . Diane's 3-piece outfit . . . White Stag



Girls' 2-piece outfits are summer favorites

Cindy in Lovable's BB Bikini. Diane in Marina Del Mar Suit



Summer shirts Ship 'n Shore

WHAT
KILLED
DIANA
BARRYMORE?

SLEEPING PILLS?



She'd complained to her friends sleeping pills gave her no rest.

■ There was the name. Barrymore. She loved it, and she hated it. When she was proud she would proclaim, "It's bigness, it's life, it's everything beautiful about the theater, about the world, my world—really the *only* world."

When she was miserable she would moan, "My father was a bum to me—I never really knew him. My uncle Lionel, I think I met him four times. My aunt Ethel was forever telling people

about what an embarrassment I was. They all hate me. *She's degrading us*, they'd say; *she's not living up to the name!* Them and their pride—and their name, their great big lousy name!"

She didn't have to take the name.

Actually, she was born Joan Blythe, the daughter of John Blythe (John Barrymore's true name) and Blanche Oelrichs (a renegade society girl, a would-be writer, who married the famous actor and then, after the birth of her daughter, embarked on a writing career and took the pen-name, Michael Strange).

Born Joan Blythe, she could have remained Joan Blythe.

But when, at eighteen, she decided to follow in the family tradition and become an actress, she told her agent that the name was to be

OR THE

HEARTBREAK?



She couldn't hold first husband, Bram Fletcher.



She tried marriage again, with John Howard.



She threw her last husband, Robert Wilcox, out of her house.



She hoped for happiness with Tennessee Williams.

Barrymore. That was the way she wanted it.

"Diana," she said, "after the name my mother has always called me by. And Barrymore, after him . . . my father. . . ."

And there was the booze.

She loved the stuff, and she hated it.

When she was happy, it was loathsome to her.

"Who needs it?" she told a friend, two years ago, when she gave it up, temporarily. "It's got me looking five years older than my real age (then thirty-six) . . . I spend three-quarters of my time reeling . . . I can't memorize a line after a couple of sips . . . It's making me fat . . . I forget names, places, thoughts . . . I feel like hell just thinking about it."

Yet, when things went wrong again, recently, she said, "I need it like I need the air to breathe, like a baby needs milk to stop it from crying. I need it for strength—there's nothing sweeter-feeling to my bones. I need it because I'm me, because it's a curse—an inheritance, from my father, his father probably, way down the line. Because our middle name is A, for Alky . . ."



She inherited the curse of alcohol, Diana said, from her father, John Barrymore.

Men.

There were men, too.

They were nothing to her, at first. Then they were everything.

As a young girl—when she was pretty, independent, a debutante-going-on-actress—she laughed them off. She didn't need them. They were rich, these men, most of them. Hand-

some, some of them. Passionate, a few.

"How they all bored me," she once said. "The world, my life ahead, had so much more to offer. Theater. Art. That was my life."

But when, after a couple of years on Broadway and in Hollywood, after her flops, after she began her drinking, after she realized that she needed something more than those early dreams, she turned to men, and love.

At least, she tried.

There were three disastrous marriages in the course of the next twelve years—one with an actor, one with a tennis player, one with a playboy.

"Love," she mumbled, in 1955, after a suicide attempt, as two doctors stood over her, slowly pumping the powdered remains of twenty-one sleeping pills from her stomach, "—love . . . there's no such thing."

She came close to it—once, later.

Two years ago.

She called him Tom, this man who seemed to come to her. His full name was Tennessee (Continued on next page)

FAMILY CURSE?

WHAT KILLED DIANA BARRYMORE?

Continued

Williams. He was the most famous and successful playwright in America, author of *The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. They'd met just at the point when she thought, again, that everything was over. Despite her name, despite the success of her autobiography, *Too Much, Too Soon*, and the movie based on that autobiography, despite all this, she was having trouble getting work—more important, getting praise, encouragement. Then, from out of the blue, a producer-friend gave her a chance to do the lead in one of Williams' lesser works, *Garden District*, in a small theater in Chicago. Williams happened to be in town the night of the opening. He attended the performance. Afterwards, at a party, he approached Diana. No woman, he told her—not Vivien Leigh, not Jessica Tandy, not Julie Haydon, not Geraldine Page—no one, he said, had ever played any role of his the way she had, that night.

They became immediately attached to one another, a newspaper columnist has written. Diana not only fell for Tennessee, but she was sure, from the way he talked, that his next play would have a starring part for her, get her back into the harness again. The 'next play' turned out to be SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH. The starring part—that of The Princess Kosmonopolis—went not to her, but to Geraldine Page. Diana was disappointed, to put it mildly. But still, she felt, she had 'Tom.'

She did everything to please him. She changed her mode of dress to try to please him. She cut out a lot of the boisterousness. The drinking was definitely out—even the occasional nips. And she waited, hoped and prayed for the day he would want to turn their friendship into marriage.

Only, recently, Tennessee told Diana that there could be no marriage. Neither he nor she, he told her, could ever expect to be happy people.

Recently was obviously Christmas Eve of last year, 1959. That is the night Diana toppled off the wagon and took up drink again.

That night, friends say, there was approximately a case and a half of Scotch in her New York apartment, nine or ten bottles of vodka, three or four (Continued on page 75)



The Rev. Sidney Lanier presided at the burial; her friends felt Diana had found at last the peace she'd sought. . . .

PETTING AND PARKING

"What's wrong with kids today?" is a question we've all heard often. But are the customs and morals of today's teen-agers *really* different from those of the past? We went to Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon, two very nice and typical teen-agers, to learn what they consider sexually right and wrong. We owe them both a debt of gratitude; although our questions were very intimate, their answers were very frank.....→



the facts of life
in teen-age Hollywood
third of a series

Annette Funicello:

**I park...
in front
of the
house**



Frankie Avalon: **I pet... we're all human**

Q *Are you really turning over a new leaf?*

A Oh, yes. I've had it. Being fickle was fun when I was young, which wasn't so very long ago, I guess. But today I think I'm grown-up and have passed this baby-ish stage. I've started looking for *the* boy and don't go out very much any more. I don't care about it any more.

Q *What do you mean by 'it'?*

A Sex, I suppose.

Q *Have you also stopped falling for older men—a habit which used to cause you great grief?*

A Yes. Long ago. It was another of the little girl problems I've outgrown.

Q *But there is one older man you can't erase from your memory, isn't there?*

A So, you found out about Jack. He's a handsome cameraman at the Disney Studios. I had a mad crush on him and he once

promised to 'wait' for me. But when he got married last year I guess he forgot that promise. But I suppose he's just a part of the past. I'm trying to forget him.

Q *It's not easy, is it?*

A To be honest, no. I'm having a hard time convincing myself that it's all over. But it is. It was just another one of my silly crushes.

Q *You've had a lot of them, haven't you?*

A I used to fall in love every other week.

Q *There was also Guy Williams, wasn't there?*

A That was another crush. I see him all the time and we do publicity together. But that's it.

Q *From the past let's jump to the present. Rumor has it that three guys whose initials are P, F and F are sort of chasing you. Care to confirm the rumor? (Continued on page 80)*

Q *Being on the road as much as you are, and on your own so much of the time, don't a lot of girls make advances to you?*

A They sure do!

Q *Are most of the women younger, or older?*

A They vary.

Q *Are they obvious, or subtle?*

A Well—they're subtle yet obvious. If they know they're going to meet you, they'll do anything to get your attention. Sometimes they ask a lot of questions. Sometimes they even ask you to come to their house for dinner. I've never accepted any of these invitations, although I would like to. But I can't afford to get into trouble, and since I don't know the people extending the invitation, I have no way of knowing what I'd be getting into if I did accept.

Q *Did anyone ever get into your bedroom*

while you were out, or while you were in?

A No one has broken into my room, but they've made it to the door. I've come home and found fans waiting outside my door several times. Once they tried to break in, but I managed to hold the door and keep them out. Of course, then I couldn't leave! Another time I walked into my room and found three girls in it. Dumbfounded, I wanted to know how they got in. They blithely answered that the maid had let them in. Now I always tell the maid, no matter where I am, not to let anyone in! Otherwise I could never tell when someone might be hanging around

Q *What was the hardest time you ever had getting rid of a fan?*

A I guess getting rid of those girls was about my worst (Continued on page 80)

For the
first time
in any
magazine
the plain
truth about

ROCK

AND


WOMEN



It's almost two years now since the headline-making, heart-breaking divorce of Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates. Since then Rock, who once squired Hollywood's loveliest young ladies around town, has steadily retreated from the world of romance. Deeply hurt by that ill-fated marriage, Rock has, like a wounded animal, gone off by himself to nurse his scars, scars that some people say will never heal. In a small remote beach community many miles from Hollywood, a place called Lido Isle, Rock has made his sanctuary—a gorgeous home within whose walls the soft sound of a woman's voice is rarely heard.

The home is Rock's alone, a home into which he has poured every ounce of his extra energy, as though he knew deep in his heart that this was not to be the usual makeshift bachelor quarters, which some future bride would refurnish to her own taste. With decorator Peter Shore, Rock has torn down interior walls to achieve at great expense the special effects he's wanted; at night, when he's not recognized so easily, he's roamed the streets window-shopping for paintings and furnishings; and on free days he and Peter have traveled up and down the West Coast from San Diego to San Francisco stopping at auctions, antique shops, junk shops, everywhere, to find the exact piece needed for some corner of his private sanctuary. Few people know what this sanctuary looks like inside, few people have stood in the grand airy living room with its muted shades of beige, white, mocha and burnt orange, and looked out onto the roaring ocean below—for the house is off-limits to members of the press and photographers. He surrounds it with secrecy, and only a certain group of his friends, close friends such as George Nader, and producer Ross Hunter, are invited there. Often they are invited for the weekend, to talk, play guessing games, do imitations, take trips on Rock's boat (in season) to Catalina Island, and to cook fancy gourmet dinners for themselves. For variety, once or twice a month, in slacks and open sport shirt, Rock drives up the Coast in his new Silver-grey Chrysler Imperial (top down) to a little artists' colony called Sausalito, just outside of San





**"I'VE HAD ENOUGH
MARRIAGE TO LAST
ME A LIFETIME"**

ROCK AND WOMEN continued

Francisco, for coffee klatches, small dinner parties and long serious discussions with sensitive artists. But in his private life (a life never discussed in movie magazines) there seems now to be little or no place for feminine companionship. Only when required to attend an opening night or big Hollywood party, does a woman manage to occupy his time—and on these occasions he will usually invite his current leading lady or some friend who is a casual—not romantic—acquaintance. Rock's world, in short, is a world without women, his home a kind of fortress protecting him against the dangers of love. "I've had enough marriage to last me a lifetime," he says. "I'm happy with the way things are now. I have my dream house, and...." But those of us who know and love Rock turn away saddened and care to hear no more. Saddened to think that someday when he is old and grey this wonderful, charming, sensitive, intelligent man will wake up one morning and, sitting by the window, looking down at the ocean, drinking orange juice for one, hear in his imagination the footsteps of children and grandchildren who were never born, turn his back to the window and understand that the life he built, like the living room itself this morning, is suddenly, strangely, terrifyingly empty.

And yet there is a girl...*please turn the page*

BUT ONE GIRL WON'T GIVE UP!

This is the
moving story of
Rock Hudson and
Linda Cristal—
the one girl in all
the world who can
(if Rock returns her love)
save him from the
empty bachelorhood
to which he has
doomed himself.

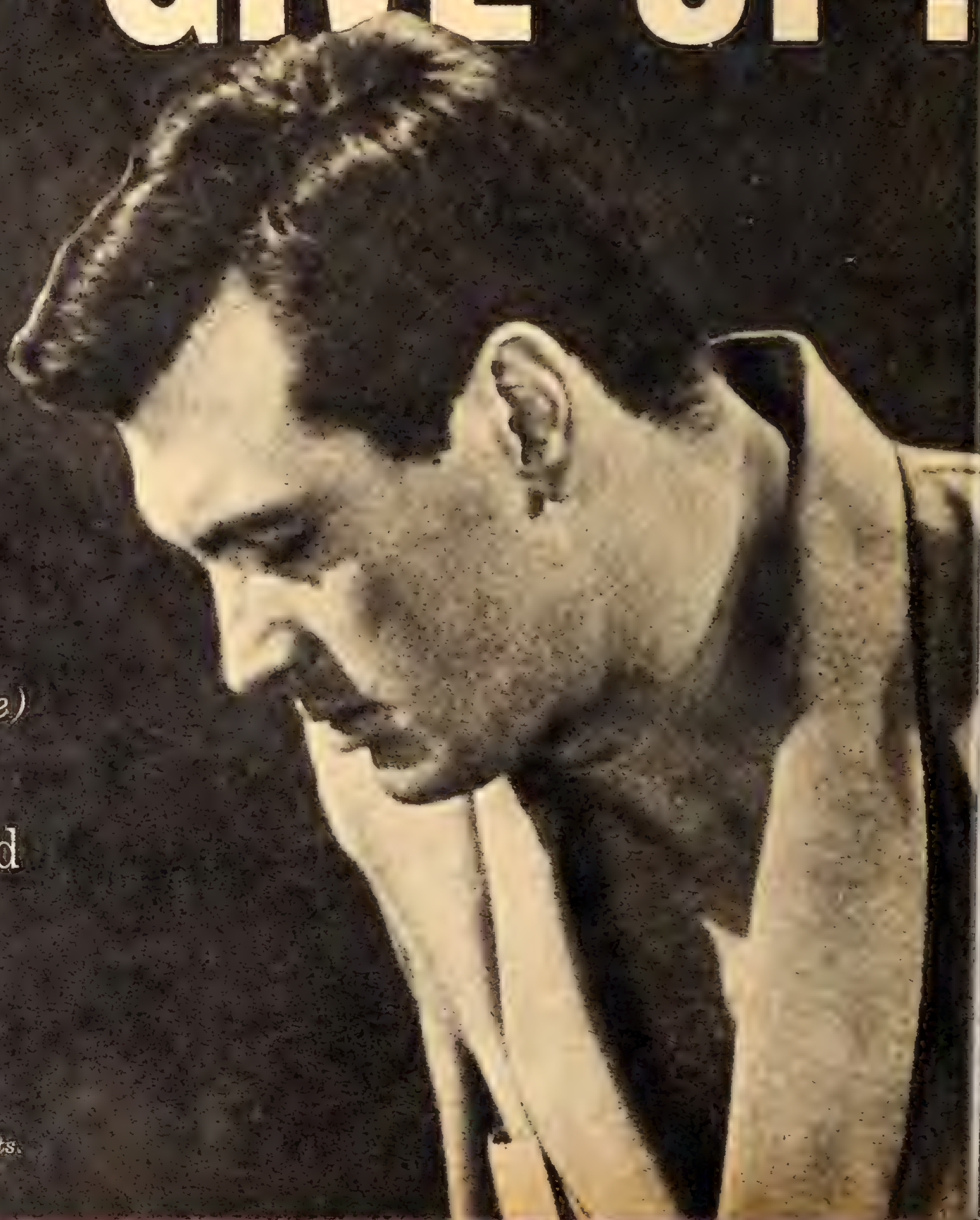


Photo of Linda Cristal courtesy United Artists.

Photo of Rock Hudson by Robert Brian Levy



■ It begins on a Saturday morning, not long ago. . . .

Rock stood on the deck of his yacht, the *Khairuzham*, tied to its pier in Newport, a little coastal town not far from Los Angeles.

He was annoyed.

His guests—four couples, friends and their dates—had been told to show up by nine o'clock, so that this week end cruise could get off to a brisk and early start.

And here it was, nearly 9:30 now, and only three
(Continued on page 64)



Anna Kashfi



Barbara Luna



France Nuyen



Memoirs Beautiful and Bitter of Casanova's Ladies

A psychoanalyst's intimate report on the strange love-life of Marlon Brando

■ Once Marlon loved a woman, pretty as a wildflower, with shaggy black bangs. She had the look of never quite belonging in the small towns where they lived. She talked about art, she forgot to stock the refrigerator, and she drank. When the world grew too ugly, too sharp-cornered, too grey, she drank it back to blurry pinkness, and then the proprietor of the particular tavern where she happened to be would phone her house and ask for somebody to come and fetch her.

Her name was Dorothy Pennebacker Brando. She was Marlon's mother. After he was a star, he had a dream of bringing her to New York. "I thought if she loved me enough, trusted me enough, then we could be together and I'd take care of her.

Well, she left my father and came to live with me. But my love wasn't enough. She was there in a room one horrible night holding on to (Continued on page 72)

FROM UGLY DUCKLING



Connie Francis' own story of her remarkable transformation

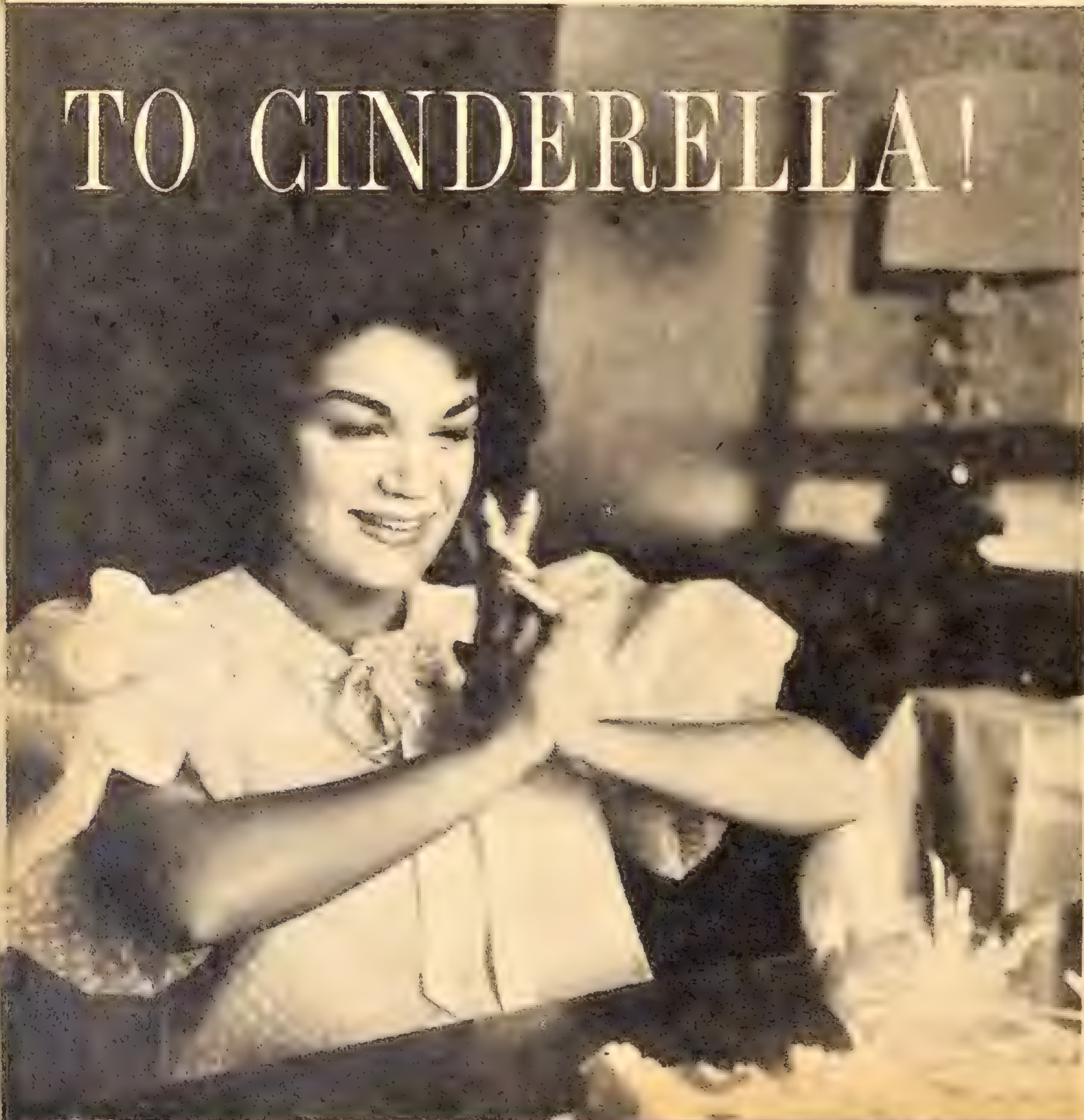
■ When Macy's Department Store called me and asked me to be the Cinderella in their Thanksgiving Day parade last year, I was flabbergasted and speechless.

"Me?" I said, a funny burr in my throat. I was certain they'd made a mistake.

Don't get me wrong. I was thrilled. More than that: flattered! Because, never, in my wildest dreams, did I imagine myself as a glamour girl. Not that I don't like gorgeous dresses and gowns and jewelry. I flip for them. Like any normal girl, I love dressing up in rhinestone necklaces, pretty silks that smell of cologne, high-heeled satin shoes, the works.

But me, Connie
(Continued on page 78)

TO CINDERELLA!



Small? Very Small?

In-between?



a LOVABLE bra is a welcome addition



IN-BETWEEN? "Interplay" (above) with foam contour shell to round out your glamour. Curved front defines beautifully. White, black. Only \$1.50

SMALL? "Add Vantage" (far left) with medium foam contouring to fulfill the promise of your figure. Soft-touch anchor-band never curls. White. Only \$2

VERY SMALL? "Add-a-Pad" (near left) with removable full-foam pads to make the most of you. Pert demi-plunge neckline. White, black. Only \$1.50

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Ask for Lovable girdles, and panties, too.

A Modern Screen Special Feature

The Marriages That Last

Cyd Charisse—Tony Martin



■ "For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part . . . Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. . . ."

There was a long pause when the minister finished the marriage service. Then the tall handsome groom opened his arms and embraced his lovely bride. Finally Cyd and Tony, starry-eyed, turned to accept the congratulations of the minister and the wedding guests.

No marriage—not even in Hollywood—started out with such good wishes—and such dire prophecies—as did the union of Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin. It couldn't last, their friends said. There were too many strikes against it. They had warned Cyd careers never mixed—especially careers like

theirs. Singers and ballerinas were both temperamental. And both Tony and Cyd had been married before and divorced. Cyd had a child by that first marriage. Tony was supposed to be hard to get along with. "Ask Alice Faye what she had to put up with," they said, "and he was madly in love with her, too."

His and Cyd's interests were so different. He loved sports and she didn't; he liked people around him; she was a homebody; he liked to be on the go constantly; she was content to stay put. "And you didn't like him when you first met him," her friends reminded her. The marriage, they felt, didn't stand a chance.

Nevertheless, Cyd Charisse, despite the warnings, serenely and (*Continued on page 61*)

(Continued from page 60)

confidently went ahead with the wedding plans; her friends had completely missed the point. They forgot that she *loved* Tony, that he and she were in love with each other, that she had faith not only in *him* but what was even more important—in herself. What did her friends know of the depth of her understanding of this man? What measure did they have to gauge the sureness of her instincts about him? She herself was the best judge of what she was doing and why she was doing it. She saw qualities in Tony that others perhaps did not see. She knew that he was good and kind and sweet and that all that was needed was a guiding hand. She felt she had that hand. Her marriage, she was convinced, would succeed.

Her friends pooh-poohed her theories. They had heard them before.

It must be a source of great satisfaction to Cyd Charisse to know that she has proved her own instincts right and the dire prophecies of the crepe-hangers wrong. The marriage has lasted. To all intents and purposes, it will last "until death do them part." This marriage has not only confounded the Hollywood wise-acres, it has also given renewed hope to marriage as an institution and proved that every marriage can succeed if the two people involved have faith in each other and are willing to work for success.

Why it has succeeded

Every happy marriage has its own formula, its own recipe for happiness. It is interesting to analyze the reasons why this marriage succeeded when every signpost pointed to failure. Why was Cyd Charisse so sure of the rightness of her instincts about her husband? What ingredients made up the recipe for happiness in her case? To get the answers, we must first study the two personalities involved—their characters, their backgrounds and the circumstances which helped to mold them.

Cyd Charisse was born Tula Ellice Finklea in Amarillo, Texas. She came of good healthy Irish, French, and English stock. From the time she was a small girl, she was surrounded by nothing but love and understanding. "There always was so much love in our house," she recalls. Between her and her father, a jeweller who loved the ballet, there was a special rapport. Her little brother adored her, called her Cyd because he couldn't pronounce Sis. Cyd she remained.

The little girl grew rapidly. At eight, she could pass for twelve, she was so tall. "But I grew too fast and I was as thin as a rail," she says now. Her father insisted she take ballet lessons to develop her body.

Cyd, anxious to please her beloved father, and already sensing that her destiny lay in a dancing career, enrolled in a local school. "She has talent," her teacher said. After four years of lessons in Amarillo, her teacher admitted that the girl had gone as far as she could with her. She needed a better teacher.

Inquiries brought forth the information that there was a famous school in Hollywood, California, run by a man named Nico Charisse who was connected with the Ballet Russe. Nico gave her an audition and was enthusiastic about her. After several years as his pupil, he considered her good enough to join the Ballet Russe troupe and recommended her to the attention of the troupe's head, Colonel de Basil. De Basil watched her perform and signed her on the spot.

The troupe toured Europe each spring and as the time neared for its departure for abroad, Cyd was thrilled beyond words. She was as happy for her parents as she

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



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plus tax.



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The Brand Name manufacturer has built a reputation. He must maintain it, so he keeps his standards high, and strives constantly to make his product better. He's always first with new products and ideas. He employs lots of people. He helps balance the economy. You depend on him. He depends on you. *Know* your brands, and buy the brands you *know*. You'll find some of them on the pages of this magazine.

May 1-8 is Brand Names Week

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was for herself over this opportunity.

Practically on the eve of departure, a tragic incident occurred which was to change the course of Cyd's life. A telegram was handed to her. It was from her mother advising her that her father was gravely ill. There was no word about her having to come home. She must make up her own mind about it. But her mother, knowing Cyd, knew what she would do. She decided to go to Amarillo at once and see her beloved dad. Her decision gives us an insight into the character of Cyd Charisse, a foretaste of one of the reasons for the success of her marriage with Tony Martin. Hers was no brave 'the-show-must-go-on-my-career-comes-first' philosophy. She was a loving daughter; she loved her father; that was enough. Her place was with them. The troupe sailed without her.

Her father died. The young girl, now sixteen years of age and saddened by grief, returned to Hollywood and to the dance troupe. When Nico Charisse saw her again, he was startled by the change in her. When she had left for Texas, she had been a child. Now she was a woman, a very beautiful woman. Grief had molded her, had matured her. Unusually tall for her age, she could pass for several years older. Nico Charisse fell in love with his pupil. He asked her to marry him.

May-September marriage

Lonely, in need of comfort and strength, Cyd married a man much older than herself. Though she looked like a woman, she was in truth still a child. She had had no youthful experiences with boys, no adolescence, no fun.

The time came for the troupe to tour Europe again and this time, Cyd, accompanied by her husband, went with them. In Paris, Nico, Jr. was born. The year was 1942 and the world was at war. The troupe decided to return to the States.

Back in Hollywood, Cyd resumed her dance career, but now it took a new turn.

David Lichine, choreographer for the troupe, introduced her to Gregory Ratoff, the famous Russian actor and director. Through this introduction, she got parts in pictures like *Something to Shout About*, *Mission to Moscow*, *Ziegfeld Follies*, and *The Harvey Girls*. She did not cut a particularly wide swathe at this time, but acting in motion pictures intrigued her, and she decided to remain in that medium.

Meanwhile, her marriage was crumbling. Though Charisse was kind, Cyd began to realize all she had missed by marrying him. She was hungry for the youth she should have had.

They were divorced in 1947. Cyd was only twenty-four years old at the time. Divorce embitters some people; it matures others. It made Cyd a calm, wise, tolerant, understanding woman who had profited by her experience and had learned a new set of values.

This was the woman who accepted an invitation from Nat Goldstone, her agent, to attend a party he was giving at the Bel Air Hotel. Goldstone seated her next to a tall, dark, handsome man. "This is Tony Martin," Goldstone said.

She found the young man interesting and the feeling was evidently mutual, because he invited her to Chasen's after the party to enjoy a little snack.

The date, however, was not a success. Instead of sitting down and quietly conversing with Cyd, Tony table-hopped all evening.

She decided she would not go out with him again—this man was not for her.

She forgot about him completely. Then one evening Nat Goldstone called her again.

"We're seeing the premiere of *Black Narcissus* next Wednesday night and I

called to ask if you'd like to join us all."

Cyd gladly accepted the invitation. When she arrived at Nat's home, she was amazed to find that Tony Martin was her escort.

"He asked me to invite you," Goldstone whispered to her.

She liked Tony much better on this second meeting. He was kind and sweet and very attentive. It is significant that on the occasion of their second meeting, she began to show that deep and remarkable understanding she has of him. She realized he had table-hopped that last time because of his great need and his great love of people.

As she saw more and more of him, she found herself falling in love with him. She knew all his faults, but she knew his good qualities too, and to her, the good qualities far outweighed the faults. What was important to her was that she could make this man happy just as he could make her happy. They were good for each other. She could bring her maturity to his small boyishness, her serenity and calm to his restlessness. He was gay and fun-loving and exciting. She had never known such a man.

Tony's background

Tony Martin was born in Oakland, California. He was born Alvin Morris and he was the only child of a mother and father who was a physician and who died when Tony was only two years old. Thus, the little boy had never known a father's love or a father's guiding hand.

As a child, he began to show great musical talent. At the age of twelve, when most youngsters are playing marbles and hooky, Tony was playing the saxophone and the clarinet. At Oakland High School, he was organizer, leader and sax player for a four-piece orchestra. Even as a kid, he was a good earner. He was exceedingly good to his mother, to whom he felt a great responsibility, and handed over most of his earnings to her. Along with his love of music, he early showed an interest in sports; he was sports editor of the student paper, and excellent at baseball and track.

After he was graduated from Oakland High, he was enrolled in St. Mary's College since his mother wanted him to follow in his father's footsteps and become a doctor. He was an excellent student but while there, he showed a tendency to get himself into difficulties with those in authority. One day, in a moment of youthful exuberance, he played a jazz solo on the college organ. To the school authorities, that was nothing short of sacrilege and he was promptly asked to leave college. Tony seized this opportunity to get into show business where he felt he belonged. He headed for Chicago where he played and sang with a band at night clubs, among them the Chez Paree. Here he met Frances Langford who sold him the idea of going to Hollywood. It was then he assumed the name of Tony Martin and headed back to California.

The country was in the depths of the depression and musicals were not being made in Hollywood. He got a job as a singer on the Burns and Allen show and appeared at the Trocadero, then Hollywood's most elegant night spot.

His first pictures were *Follow the Fleet* and *Poor Little Rich Girl*. One day at the horse races he was introduced to a very pretty girl named Alice Faye. She was a former show girl who was beginning to make a name for herself in motion pictures. Their courtship was one of the stormiest in the annals of Hollywood romances. It was on again, off again, on again. Finally when everyone agreed it was off and probably would not be on, they astounded their friends by eloping

suddenly, unexpectedly, to get married.

In speaking of the failure of this marriage they admitted that they were both too stubborn to give in to each other. The marriage ended in divorce. What Tony needed then and has always needed was a girl like Cyd Charisse.

When World War II was declared Tony was called to the colors. After his honorable discharge he went back to Hollywood to take up his career. Nervous, restless, lonely he found it difficult to make an adjustment to civilian life. He became the gay young blade of Hollywood. He went in for flashy clothes, for sports, for people of all kinds. He was never alone; he never wanted to be alone. He was always on the go. This was the man who was introduced to Cyd Charisse the night of Nat Goldstone's party at the Bel Air Hotel.

Cyd's happy-marriage theories

For one thing, *she has never tried to change her husband.* She has learned to live with his craze for sports and for the people with whom he must necessarily surround himself, such as music arrangers, press agents, musicians, song pluggers, TV big shots and his pals in the sports world, people with whom his wife has nothing in common but accepts without a word of protest. "I know Tony thoroughly," Cyd said, "and I don't want to change him. I fell in love with him as he is, not as the man I want him to be."

For another thing, *she has never let her career interfere with her marriage.* She has a clause in her contract that when she is not making a film, she has permission to join her husband wherever he may be. It is the first clause of its kind ever inserted in the contract of a leading Hollywood personality. But good wife though she is, she has never forgotten she is a mother, too. She and Tony always

manage to be home in time to spend their wedding anniversary with their son, Tony, Jr., born in 1950.

Not only has she never let her career interfere with her marriage, but she has done what few women—far less gifted and far less prepossessing than she is—are willing to do. *She has submerged her own personality.* When Tony wants to go out at night to a night club, Cyd goes with him even though there are times when she'd much rather stay at home. She has turned down good roles in pictures whenever she thought they interfered with her marriage.

With insight and emotional maturity, she has turned her unhappy experience in her first marriage to profit in her second. She learned not to deflate a man's ego, nor to worry him needlessly; and never to be possessive nor jealous of her husband.

She manages to be a delightful companion to her husband, springing all sorts of surprises to give him pleasure.

Once she talked him out of buying a new Jaguar which he wanted badly. Then later at Christmas, which also happens to be his birthday, Cyd suggested that they go for a little stroll. As they walked, she pointed to a lovely Jaguar at the curb.

"That's the kind I wanted to buy," Tony said sadly. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"It certainly is," she laughed. "And that's my birthday present to you."

She cannot understand women who constantly whine and complain to their husbands, without even giving the man a chance to cross his threshold and wash his hands. *A man's home should be his peaceful castle,* she says. Neither can she understand women who do not want their husbands around too much. "I can't see enough of Tony. Gosh, when you love a person, how can you see too much of him?" *She doesn't believe in the theory*

that a wife should keep her husband guessing. "If a woman wants her peace of mind and wants her husband to have his peace of mind, she should let him know she loves him and leave no doubt about her loyalty."

She is convinced that a calm and happy woman has a better chance of succeeding in her career than has a tense or overly-ambitious one. As a result, she has attained great success in her career since her marriage. *Singin' in the Rain, The Band Wagon, Easy to Love, Brigadoon, Deep in My Heart, and It's Always Fair Weather* . . . smash successes which have brought her stardom were filmed after her marriage.

"If a woman doesn't succeed," Cyd said once with a shrug of her shoulders, "a happy woman will learn to accept failure, too."

Their friends say that marriage with Cyd has made a remarkable change in Tony. He is quieter, gentler, more relaxed. Ironically enough, if Cyd had planned this change in him, it probably would not have happened.

The change was wrought by the miracle of happiness. His star too, is in its ascendancy.

What makes these two vivid, vital charming people so remarkable is that neither is envious of the other. On the contrary, each takes delight in the other's success, in each new triumph.

Perhaps the best reason for the success of this marriage which everyone thought was doomed to failure, lies in the words which Cyd Charisse once said to her bosses at MGM when she turned down a role because she felt it would interfere with her marital happiness.

"A career is a wonderful thing but it will never take the place of a husband. I know. I've tried it."

END

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than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

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But One Girl Won't Give Up

(Continued from page 55)

of the couples had managed to show. "Five minutes," he muttered to himself, about the others, "and show or not, we're taking off."

At exactly 9:30, the little yellow convertible pulled up alongside the yacht.

Rock watched as the girl—tall, dark, dressed in white slacks and shirt and a red-striped jacket—got out of the car and rushed towards the boat.

He recognized her as Linda Cristal, the young South American actress who worked at the same studio where he worked, whom he'd met a few times, at a party here, a reception there.

He recognized her type, too, he thought. *The vital type*, he thought to himself, yawning internally, as she waved at him and shouted "Hi, Rrrrrrock!!" as she continued to rush towards the boat.

"I'm here," she said, smiling broadly, when she reached him. "I hope I am not too late. I really hope that, in all apology. Are you surprised to see me?"

Rock ignored the apology, the question.

"Where's Al?" he asked.

"Al—" Linda said. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this about a friend, Rock—but he's sick, with the bad sore throat. Thursday night, when he called and asked me if I'd like to come along on the cruise, he sounded fine. But," she went on, "this morning, at eight o'clock, when he called to say he couldn't make it, because his throat had the soreness—" She shook her head. "—he sounded terrible . . . like this."

She made a gargling noise, and laughed.

Rock did not laugh back.

Instead, he continued to look at her.

And Linda's laughter, her smile, disappeared.

"I don't mean to make fun," she said. "I know that the sore throat is not a pleasant thing. But with the pills, the salt and warm water . . . he'll get over it. Don't worry."

There was a pause, a long one, as Rock continued to say nothing.

Linda forced a smile to her lips again.

"And meanwhile," she said then, "I thought I might as well come anyway, on the boat trip, even if Al couldn't."

Her face began to redden a little.

"I know, maybe it isn't proper, a girl coming alone," she said, "—but for two days now I look so forward to this . . . I thought maybe it would be all right."

Her fingers played momentarily with the handle of her small suitcase.

"Is it," she asked, "all right?"

"Sure," said Rock, unenthusiastically.

"Bueno, good," said Linda.

She looked up, towards the sails.

"Now," she said, "let's hoist the mizzmast and be off."

"Mizzenmast," said Rock.

She looked back at him. "Is that how you say it, in the nautical language . . . in English?" she asked. "Mizzenmast?"

"Yep," Rock said.

"So then," Linda started to say again, "let the crew hoist the—"

Rock interrupted her.

"Linda," he said, "if you'd like a cup of hot coffee . . . some bacon and eggs—" he pointed "—that ladder will take you down below, to the galley. And you can join the others."

"Me," he said, "I'm going to be busy now . . . It's late . . . I'd like to take off while the tide is still with us."

Linda clutched the handles of her suitcase even more tightly.

"Yes, *mi capitan*," she said, softly, her voice quivering just a bit, as she turned

and walked towards the staircase to which Rock had pointed. . . .

Bad tempers and worse moods

"It was a strange day, the rest of that first day," another member of the party has since said. "Both Linda and Rock were quiet, reserved, out of it, out of the whole mood of what was supposed to be this fun, salt-sprayed week end. Linda was embarrassed. She'd come alone and she was sorry now for having done this. Rock's reception had been far from cordial and Linda couldn't seem to understand why. And this not knowing why bothered her. Made her gloomy, after a while. Tense. Silent . . . Rock was in an even worse mood. He was downright bad-tempered all the rest of that morning, and afternoon. Those of us who knew him had never seen him act like this before. But we began to grasp the reason for his moodiness after a while. We realized that it had to do with Linda. She had broken a cardinal rule of his. 'Never,' he'd once said, 'am I going to bother with a girl aboard the *Khairuzham*. The *Khairuzham*'s my girl, my date,' he'd said, '—you others can couple up, but for me, my boat's enough.' This anti-female attitude, of course, was a result of Rock's trouble with Phyllis (his ex-wife) the divorce, the haggling over the settlement, the mess of headlines the whole thing caused, the bad taste it left in his mouth for anything romantic, even to the point of spending a little time with a girl, more or less alone. And now, with Linda on board, alone, unescorted, Rock had the feeling that he was obliged to be polite and spend some time with her."

"And damn if he was—was his attitude."

"So the day passed, the two of them uncomfortable. All of us uncomfortable."

"Until finally, at seven o'clock, when the supper gong rang the rest of us were all too glad to head for the galley, and the food and wine, just to break the strain."

"So glad that we didn't even notice at first that neither Rock nor Linda was with us. And when we did notice this, finally, we figured, well, they'd each gone to their cabins in order to get away, not only from us, their by-now whispering audience—but from each other. . . ."

Talk topside

Actually, the friend was right.

Both Rock and Linda had retired to their cabins.

But, somehow, after a while, Rock had decided to go topside, to sit, alone, on a bench at the stern of his boat.

And, not long after, Linda too had decided to go up for some air. . . .

They saw each other, just as dusk began to descend.

Rock had been sitting back, gazing up at the sky.

"Hello," Linda said.

"Hi," said Rock, facing her for a moment.

He looked back at the sky again.

"That," Linda said, following his gaze, "those stars you look at—that is the constellation Orion. Yes?"

Rock nodded.

"That is my favorite of all the constellations," Linda said.

"Uh-huh," said Rock.

"Really," Linda said. "You won't believe this, but on my right leg, right here"—she pointed, and Rock looked down—"in tiny little moles, I have the exact reproduction of Orion . . . Isn't that silly? But it's true . . . Five little tiny marks, and

then three larger ones . . . And do you know, but for some reason I am very superstitious about this. I look on this constellation as having brought me any of the luck I might have in my life today."

"It is silly," she repeated, "isn't it?"

Rock shrugged. "Not if that's what you really believe," he said.

"Orion," Linda said, after a moment. "I think that is a very appropriate name for us to be discussing on this trip. . . . I mean, *Orion* was the name of one of the most famous yachts of all time. Isn't that right? Built in the city of Norfolk, in the state of Virginia, in the year 1930—or 1931."

"How do you know that?" Rock asked.

"My father," Linda said, "he told me that. . . . He used to have a boat. A sail-boat, a little smaller than this, but a sail-boat just the same . . . And he used to tell me all these things when we were on the boat."

Remembering, she smiled a little.

"He used to call me his first-mate, my father," she went on. "I had two brothers. Miguel, he was the oldest—he's married now. And Antonio—he was next; he has since died. But my father, with both his sons, he used to favor me. I guess because I was the youngest and the girl he had waited for so long—his daughter. And so, when I was old enough, he used to take me all over with him, everywhere, and all of his attention was to me. And all of mine was to him . . . I guess that's why I remember, even about the *Orion*."

Something in common

She looked away from Rock now, out at the water.

"As a boy," she asked, "did you have the kind of life I did, with *your* father, on the sea so much?"

"No," Rock said. "—We lived in Chicago. There was a lake. But we didn't see much of it. We didn't have much money. We certainly didn't have any boats . . . The closest I got to the water was in the summer, for swimming, the hottest days of the year, when my mother would take us . . . This boat, this is something new."

"My father," Linda said, "he was fairly wealthy—he had a factory of some sort in Uruguay. And in Argentina, where we lived, he published a magazine, with stories about movie stars and romantic figures and such things . . . So he had some money. And he had his boat. And we would spend much time on it. . . ." Her voice seemed to trail off a little. "And do you know what I would do on it?"

"What?" Rock asked.

"Well," Linda said, remembering, more and more, "during the day I would be the tomboy, my father's helper . . . I would spend all the time polishing *this* brass thing and fixing up *that* broken line, doing all sorts of things like that . . . And then at night—"

She paused, and she sighed.

"—At night then," she said, "always my father and my mother and the boys would go to bed early, right after dinner, to read, or do puzzles, to get relaxed for the next day. And then it became *my* time on the boat, my time alone."

"I would, I would come up here, alone, to the deck then, just like this. I would stand. For hours and hours. I would look out at the sea then, just like now. And I would watch its rhythm and its peace and I would think of all of the important things of life—my happiness, my sorrows, my confusions. And, somehow, looking at the sea, its rhythm, its peace, all of the important things, the questions, would become answered in my mind. . . ."

She turned to face Rock again.

"Have you ever done that," she asked, "communed with the sea?"

"Yes," Rock said, "often when I'm alone."
"And have you talked to it, the way I used to?" she asked.

"Yes, sometimes," he said.

"And even begun to sing to it after a while, you were so happy with what it did for you?"

"Once in a while," Rock said.

For a little while after that, neither of them spoke.

And then Rock asked, "Does your father still have his boat, Linda?"

She turned quickly, and returned her gaze to the water once more.

"He is dead," she said. "—When I was thirteen, both my mother and my father were killed in an automobile accident. I was in the same automobile. A truck hit us and the car turned into flames. I lived. But they died—"

"I'm sorry," Rock started to say.

Linda brought her hand to her forehead, as if to rub away the memory.

"It was the end of many things for me that day," Linda said. "The end of being a daughter, a little girl, the end of Marta Victoria Moya Burges—that's my real name, Marta . . . The end of many things . . . And the end of the sea."

"You didn't go back to the boat?"

"I didn't want to," Linda said. "For so many years, I never wanted to know a boat again, or the sea. So many things happened to me in those years. I changed. I became from the shy little girl into the actress. I went from the secluded home in Buenos Aires, first to Mexico, then to Hollywood. I became Linda Cristal. I became married in those years, twice, and divorced twice. I became a woman . . . My childhood, the sea, it was all far behind me suddenly. I pushed it as far away as I could. And I thought I was doing a good job of pushing it. I thought I really wanted to forget it all . . . And then—"

"But now I'll die . . ."

"What happened, Linda?" Rock asked.

"It was three years ago," Linda said, slowly. ". . . I was in Mexico, on location, near Cuernavaca, working on my first American picture. It was just before the picture started. The night before. I was nervous, so nervous. I couldn't sleep. And that night, in the middle of the night, I got up from my bed and I got into my car and I began to drive fast, up a road. I didn't know that the road was so bad, that they were fixing it. Suddenly the tires of my car hit some sand. The car skidded and rolled over. As it did, I remembered the other accident. *I lived then, I thought to myself in those seconds, as the car rolled over, but now I'll die. . . .*

"A little while later, the doctor came in. 'My eyes,' I asked him, 'why are they covered—will I be able to see again?' He told me yes. It was other parts of my face there was trouble with, that were broken, he said. I needed an operation. I would be all right. But before the operation, for some reason, he said, my eyes would have to be covered.

"I didn't believe what he said. I was in terrible pain, especially about the area of my nose. But all the time I was thinking of my eyes. And I was thinking, 'Why did I not go back once more to the sea, to look at it once more, so that I could remember, really remember what it was like that I had loved so much. I began to dream about it. Its color—in the morning, the light blue, mixing with the dampness; in the afternoon, when it was sunny, the deep blue; at night, the lovely blackness of it with the little bits of white spray playing over the blackness.'

"And I would beg God to let me see it once more—my sea."

She stopped and turned to look at Rock again.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped away some of the tears that had come to her eyes.

"And it all turned out okay," he said. "Here you are, Linda—looking at the sea. And everything's all right again."

She said nothing, but began to sob.

"And everything's all right again," Rock repeated.

"Yes," Linda tried to say.

Her body began to shake.

"You're cold," Rock said. "The night air—it's cold—"

He put his arm around her, and drew her close to him.

"It's all right, it's all right, Linda," he whispered. . . .

"They've been seeing a lot of each other," someone from the cruise has said. "And we like to think that maybe this is it for Rock."

"As far as Linda's concerned, we know that she's grown deeply attached to him."

"As for Rock—well, who knows. He's very close-mouthed about his true feelings for Linda. At times, when he's with her, or when her name comes up in a conversation, he glows . . . Then, other times, he shows absolutely nothing. In fact, you have a hunch, watching him, these times, that he's running scared again, that he is still trying to escape from *any* romantic involvement, that he is telling himself, firmly, 'Never again . . . Not me! No more love. No more marriage. Not for me. No sir!'

"Still, he's seeing Linda now . . . more often than he's seen any other girl in the past two years."

"And those of us who know them both like to think—"

"Well, you know what we like to think! . . ."

END

Rock stars in *DAY OF THE GUN*, for U-I and Linda's in *THE ALAMO*, United Artists.

Yesterday Jim brought me roses

I thought I was a good wife and mother . . . but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned . . . and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive?

"I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.



When blemishes occur, get the full treatment. Along with superemollient Cuticura Soap get soothing Cuticura Ointment to overcome dryness and relieve pimples and blackheads . . . cooling Cuticura Medicated Liquid to keep blemished skin antiseptically clean, curb oiliness, dry up pimples fast. In soap and toiletry sections everywhere. Canada also.

Doris Day's Secret Son

(Continued from page 31)

The two people who were to become Terry's parents met one night late in 1940. The place was a small and dingy nightclub in Cincinnati.

The girl—Doris (Kappelhoff) Day—was sixteen, a pretty, freckle-faced and very ambitious singer. There was nothing exceptional about her voice at the time. But people who'd heard her sing at her first job, in a Chinese restaurant, had liked her. And the owner of this place, the nightclub, hearing her, liked her too, sensing her possibilities, signed her up and hoped for the best.

The boy—Albert Paul Jorden—was some two years older than Doris. He was a musician who played trombone in the nightclub band. He was tall and good-looking, "a nice guy, very friendly and intelligent"—people who knew him then recall—who had only one real ambition in life: to earn enough money playing trombone so that he could quit the band business by the end of the next five or six years and open a business of some more steady sort, in Cincinnati, his hometown, and settle down.

In one of her rare statements about Al and their relationship, Doris has said: "It was one night soon after I began singing at this place that I asked him if he would give me a ride home. I was earning twenty-five dollars a week and spending it all on clothes and I didn't have the carfare. He said yes, he'd take me home. And that began it. Not that we got along at first. We really didn't. I was young and very shy with boys. And he was bored with the girl-singer type. . . . Anyway, after a couple of months the nightclub folded and we were both out of jobs. We didn't see one another for a while. Then, one day, the trombone player suddenly came around and asked for a date. Turned out he'd missed me, or something. He paid me lots of attention. And I fell in love with him."

They were married early the following year, 1941, and went to New York to live.

Al had gotten a good break there—a job with Jimmy Dorsey's band. Doris, too, got a break shortly after they arrived—a job singing in a little downtown nightspot. Between the two of them they earned nearly \$100 a week. Life couldn't have been better for the two kids from Ohio.

Then, in the spring of that year, Doris learned she was pregnant.

Laughingly, she said to friends, "Well, it's good-bye career . . . time to be a mommy."

These friends recall that she was serious-sounding about giving up the business; that she'd had a taste of it, had enjoyed it, but had decided that being a mother came first. "She was only seventeen," one of them says, "but you've never seen a girl with as much drive, at that age, to make good at a career. So I was surprised when she said this, about giving up the career. But she said it. And the way she did, you had to believe her."

Yet when, towards the end of the following February, shortly after the birth of her son, Terry, Doris was re-offered her old job, she took it.

"I've phoned Alma (her mother)," she told her husband. "She's coming to New York to help take care of the baby. It'll all work out fine. All right, Al?"

Al said he'd think it over.

"Al," Doris went on, "I've got to do this.

I can't help it. It's in me—and I've got to. "Don't worry," she said then. "It'll all work out fine . . . I know." It didn't. . . .

The trouble starts

The trouble between Al and Doris started soon after this. Some sources state that it was Al's doing. Others that it was Doris'. Doris has always flatly refused to go into the matter. Al himself told us recently, "It's an old issue, so why bring up questions? . . . But I will tell you this. There was a religious problem. I'm Protestant and Doris was Catholic. This made for a breach between us. . . . It was, at least, a part of the whole difficulty."

Whatever the full difficulty, Doris and Al reached the breaking point when Terry was a little less than one year old. They separated (Al continuing with Dorsey for a while, then returning to Cincinnati), and were officially divorced about a year later.

For a time, Doris brooded.

But the brooding ended, suddenly, when Les Brown, the bandleader, heard her one night at the downtown night-spot where she was singing and signed her up to become girl vocalist with his band, one of the biggest of the time.

Doris was jubilant.

"I'm on my way!" she shouted when she told her mother the news that night.

With her first paycheck—the drive to do things big back in her again—she moved the family (her mother, her son and herself) to a nice apartment, a far cry from the "dump" they'd been living in.

With her second check, she put money down on new furniture for the place.

With her third—which she received the day before she was to leave New York on an extended tour with Brown and the band—she raided Macy's, Gimbel's and a few other stores and bought every imaginable kind of toy for her son.

The first of the toys arrived after Doris had left for work early that evening.

When she got home, the next morning, exhausted, as usual, Terry was, as usual, asleep.

"The big teddy bear, the fire engine, the wooden soldier set—they all arrived, nice and unbroken," her mother told her at the door. "And Terry, he loved them. Just loved them."

Doris walked into the bedroom, and over to the crib where her son lay sleeping.

"Hi, Mr. Freckles," she whispered.

She bent and touched the boy, who stirred a little, but did not wake.

"Your Mommy's home," she whispered.

Still the boy did not wake.

Doris smiled.

"That's right," she said, "don't let your old Mom tease you into opening your eyes . . . You get your sleep, like a good little boy. And you dream about your new toys. And about lots of nice things, all sorts of nice things. . . ."

She stood upright again, and she began to unbutton the gown she was wearing.

"And your Mom," she went on, as she did, "she's got to go to bed now, too. And she's got to sleep and dream, too."

"About nice things, too, Terry."

"About the years that are coming."

"Our years, Terry."

"About those years when I'll be very famous and rich—oh so rich."

"And when you'll be a big boy, and

the son of this rich and famous lady over here.

"About when I'm not a Miss Nobody anymore."

"And when you're not a sleepy little Mr. Nobody anymore. . . ."

"That's what I'll dream."

The gown was off.

She got onto the bed.

Under the covers.

She turned her head on the pillow and faced the crib, a few yards away, and she smiled again.

"Isn't that a good kind of dream to have, Mr. Freckles?" she asked.

She closed her eyes.

The smile began to leave her face.

"Isn't that a good kind of dream, Terry . . . Even if it means I've got to leave you for a little while, once in a while . . . Like today . . . Later . . . Later today. . . ."

A long, long trip

The tour Doris left on later that day—and the separation from her son—were nothing to compare with a trip she would make within the next two years, and that separation.

"It was 1946," a friend recalls. "Doris had left her job with Brown to go on radio, with *The Hit Parade*. It all looked great at first. Except that she was fired, suddenly, after thirteen weeks, and everything looked suddenly black. . . . She'd met a man in this time, a saxophone player named George. He'd been proposing to her since they'd met, and now Doris accepted. His plan was for them to leave New York right after they were married and go to California, where both of them could get a fresh lease on life, a fresh slant on their careers. Doris assumed, of course, that her boy would come along with them. It wasn't until it was too late that she found out differently. The problem was money. 'Wait till we can afford to send for him and bring him up right,' George said. So Doris, reluctantly, sent her son and mother back to Cincinnati and went to California, to her new life, with her new husband. . . . It couldn't have been worse, right from the beginning. Jobs were few and far between. Money was at a minimum. They moved into a trailer. After a while, George bored with trailer life, and the marriage, left. Doris was alone, and broke, and miserable. I firmly believe that if she'd had the forty or fifty dollars' bus fare to get back to Ohio right then, she would have chucked everything. But this gal, rolling in dough today, didn't have beans—and when she did have a little she would go without food half that time just so she could afford to phone Cincinnati every once in a while and talk to her mother and ask about her boy. I knew her then. She was a different Doris Day from the happy face you're used to seeing on the screen, on most magazine covers. She would talk about her boy and how she missed him. And she would cry, and cry, and cry. . . ."

The picture session

The story of how, in late 1947, Doris cried nervously all during her interview with Warner Brothers' director Mike Curtiz is a famous one. Enough to repeat here that Curtiz was impressed with the unknown singer "mit all der freckles" and decided to take a chance on using her—using her big—in his forthcoming musical, *Romance on the High Seas*.

The rest, professionally, is Doris Day history.

What has never been recorded is what happened then between Doris and her son . . . that day a few months later.

It was a Saturday.

The picture had just been completed. Midway during the shooting of the picture, word had got around Hollywood that "the Day girl" was good, that a possible new star was in the making. Doris, having heard the word, encouraged by it, had gone all out and rented herself a big house in the Valley, wired money East and sent for her mother and son—"at long last," as she wrote.

The boy, who was five-and-a-half now, and who hadn't seen his mother in nearly two years, was cold to her when he arrived, almost afraid of her. Doris' mother, his Nana, was the only woman he knew, and loved. Doris herself was a stranger to him. He could cry, at the very beginning, when they were alone in a room. He would want his Nana. And his Nana was usually close by.

"Time," Doris would say, "—I'm not stupid. I know it's going to take time . . . But someday," she would add, "my boy's going to know and understand. When he has everything. When he knows, and sees, what I've struggled for; when he holds it all in his hands . . . He'll come to me then . . . He'll come. . . ."

Time passed.

Days.

Weeks.

And then came this day, the Saturday.

The studio phoned Doris that morning. "Magazine wants to do a layout on you—full color," they said. "Guys know you were married, that you've got a kid. So why don't we relax and give them the happy home routine . . . Okay?"

"Of course," Doris said.

The magazine photographer arrived at about four o'clock that afternoon.

"This is my son," Doris said, holding Terry by the hand.

"Yeah? Good," said the photographer.

For the next two hours he snapped away, shouting his instructions as he did (Doris was just another newcomer to him; her son just another newcomer's kid).

"How about one near the refrigerator . . . You opening the door, honey, and asking him if he'd like something, jam and bread or a couple of scrambled eggs . . . something . . . Ready?"

"Now one in the living room—here on the couch . . . Mama telling her boy a story . . . I don't know . . . Tell him *anything*, sweetie . . . Just make it look like love . . . Mother and son . . . Come on, smile—the two of you.

"Okay now, the garden, before it gets dark . . . Smell the flowers together . . . That's right . . . Smell 'em together.

"You got a dog? . . . Damn it! Dogs are always good with kids.

"Well, how about—"

And so it went, those two hours.

Until, finally, shortly after six, the photographer left, and Doris and her son were alone again.

She noticed that he was tired, very tired.

She took him by the hand and led him back into the living room, over to the couch.

They sat.

"Terry," Doris said, looking down at her boy, "did you enjoy it today—the man with his camera, all those bulbs popping, all over the place?"

The boy shrugged.

"Terry," Doris said then, "would you like some supper now, before you go to bed. You must be—"

"Where's Nana?" the boy interrupted.

"Nana," Doris said, "Nana's gone to a movie."

"Why?" the boy asked.

"She didn't want to interfere while we were taking our pictures," Doris said, "for the big magazine—"



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"Terry," she started to say again, "would you like it now if I went into the kitchen and—"

The boy interrupted again. "I want to wait for Nana," he said.

"Yes," Doris said, "—you're right, Terry. We'll wait. She won't be long . . . I'm sure of that."

She looked away from the boy now, and over at one of those Old Masters reproductions that hung on the wall across from them, over the fancy new shining-white fireplace there.

And some of the words of that day went spinning through her brain, over and over, hard, loud, over and over, louder and louder:

"Big magazine!"

"Big layout!"

"—The happy home routine. Okay?"

"This is my son."

"Tell him anything, sweetie . . . just make it look like love."

"Where's Nana?"

"This is my son."

"Where's Nana? . . . I want to wait for her."

"My son."

"This is my son."

"My son—"

When, finally, Doris looked away from the picture and back at her boy she saw that he was asleep.

"Terry," she said, half calling.

"Mr. Freckles," she said, remembering another time, long ago, the tears beginning to come to her eyes as she remembered.

"Oh Terry," she said, reaching over and putting an arm around the still-sleeping boy, "—what have I done to you all these years, Terry? . . . Where have I been? . . . What—what am I trying to do to you now?"

"Big magazine!" the words came to her again.

"Big layout!"

"The happy home routine. Okay?"

Doris shook her head.

She took a deep breath.

"There's going to be no more of it . . . not around here . . . not ever," she said. "No men with cameras running around. No. Nobody asking my boy questions about a mother he doesn't even know. Nobody following my boy around the rest of his life, turning his life into a big Hollywood sideshow, an empty circus—"

With her free hand she began to wipe some of the tears from her face.

"I promise you, Terry," she said, as she did. "From now on you're going to have a mother—a mother you're going to get to *know*, a mother who's never going to leave you again. And a home, a normal home. A real home. And a real life. —And to heck with everything else."

She closed her eyes, and she held her son even closer to her.

"I promise you this, Terry," she repeated.

And then she whispered:

"God . . . dear God in heaven . . ."

Don't make it too late. And, please, give me the strength to keep this promise.

"For my boy's sake."

"For my little boy. . . ."

A promise kept

Doris has kept her promise.

We at Modern Screen learned this in our recent search for the truth about Terry.

We learned too that Terry—now eighteen—is a very happy young man.

As a close, and normally close-mouthed, friend of Doris' puts it:

"You ask about the hidden boy, the 67

secret son. Well, if these past twelve years of not exposing the boy makes him 'hidden,' I guess people are right. But I think by now you know and understand Doris' reasons for doing what she did.

"At any rate, let's bring the record up to date.

"Where is Terry, you ask.

"What does he look like?

"What kind of boy is he?

"First, he lives with his mother and step-father (Marty Melcher), whom Doris married in 1951, in a house at 713 North Crescent Drive. A pretty, not terribly big house—off the street, so to speak. And in Beverly Hills . . . This, I think, is significant . . . Normally a star of Doris' stature lives not 'in town,' nor 'off the street,' but up in a secluded Bel-Air mansion or over in the Pacific Palisades. Doris, however, has always wanted her son to attend a public high school, as he has wanted. And it happens that the best high school in the area is in Beverly Hills. So that's where they live . . . About school, by the way, Terry's a senior now, and he graduates in June. He's a good student, not outstanding, but good. More than that, he's a very well-liked boy and

there's strong talk among his classmates that he'll be voted Most Popular come June. Whatever the outcome, it's going to be close.

"His looks? He looks a lot like his Mom—fair skin, the freckles all over the place, the sparkling blue eyes. He looks like a slightly over-aged version of The Barefoot Boy. Girls think he's cute. I think—Terry forgive me—that he's adorable. Five years from now, when he's really matured, I think he'll be downright handsome.

"As for what he's like—he's normal.

"He likes to laugh; he breaks up over a good joke, a medium one, even some bad ones.

"He likes to eat—hamburgers, garlic salami and lemon meringue pie, these are his favorites.

"He likes his mother, to put it mildly.

"He likes his stepfather, respects him tremendously.

"He likes to go out on dates Saturday nights with some of the girls from school—and sometimes get home a little later than Doris likes. (But boy, can he get around her!)

"He likes to fiddle around in the cellar

workshop, alone, or with Marty.

"To work, in general—when he was ten or eleven, I remember, he had a paper route. The last few summers he's taken a job as office boy with the Rogers and Cowan publicity people.

"To drive his car.

"To ride his bike.

"To sit and talk with other fellows about their futures—college, the Army, careers, girls.

"To dress up once in a while, go sloppy the rest of the time.

"To watch TV—westerns, newscasts.

"To go to drive-ins.

"To hike.

"Swim.

"Dance—he's pretty good.

"Sing—he's pretty bad.

"Read.

"And so on, and so on. . . .

"Doris is very proud of her boy," the friend goes on, "the way he's grown up.

"And those of us who've known Doris these past twelve years . . . we're very proud of her!"

END

Doris stars in PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES, MGM.

Judi, the Little Love Goddess

(Continued from page 37)

dangerously, and she lives the same way.

"I'm the kind of girl who frightens people," she says frankly. "Because if I love someone I come right out and say, 'I love you.' Young men," Judi sighs, "can't understand this. They're not used to someone completely giving herself. They have to play a game. I hate games."

When the games have ended for Judi's men, she's blown the whistle, sharply and firmly. Troy Donahue's game ended when he got too rough, Wendell's when he left town, Barry's when he strayed. Judi blot- ted them out of her mind with no regrets. "When something's over and done, I forget it," she says. But it's not always vice versa.

Once in love with Judi, some people stay hooked.

There's a man in New York right now, for instance, who loved Judi in Holly- wood and lost. He still writes her letters, tears them up and then can't help send- ing them anyway. "Try as hard as I may," he penned miserably the other day, "the joker just won't come out. That girl Judi was one hell of a real, feeling girl and I certainly was in love with her!"

Judi caught a brief pang when she read that. But she doesn't let sentiment stall her. She's too lusty for life and what comes up next in it.

"And I never know what I'm going to do next," she admits. "All I know is I can't stand anything dull. If it's dull I do some- thing different."

She'll do . . .

If Judi Meredith isn't a woman, she'll do until one comes along. Twenty-three and ripe as an August peach, Judi has the 35-22-35 figure of a junior Venus, a lovely full lipped mouth, dimples and a mass of titian hair that tumbles sexily across her eyes and pert, pointed nose. But she thinks and often acts like a man. Could be that's why most men can't resist the combination.

In whatever she does Judi Meredith is as direct as a bullet, straight as a string. Anyone looking for feminine tricks in Judi is just out to lunch. "I don't ever want to get to the point where I screen everything I do before I do it," she scoffs. "Life's too

short. Maybe I'm uncompromising. But I don't expect anything of anyone that I don't expect of myself." She can be soft as a kitten or terrible as a tiger.

In her career, Judi plays it just as gutsy. She had a nice co-starring contract with *Hotel de Paree*, for instance, but not co- starring parts. A while ago she chopped it off, along with \$1000 a week. "I don't like glorified walk-ons," she explained. On the other hand, last winter Judi wallowed two straight days in a freezing pond for some *Riverboat* scenes when she was burn- ing up with Asian flu. Next day she was in the hospital with pneumonia.

"Judi doesn't take benzedrine—benze- drine takes Judi," cracks her stand-in chum, Nan Morris, another way of saying that not since the hey-hey days of Lana Turner and Ava Gardner has such a charged-up charmer kept Hollywood jump- ing alternately with jitters and joy. Judi has no intention of changing. "People tell me," she says, "'being around you is like being around six girls.' I feel the same way. And that's the way I want to feel." Judi wanted to long before she tackled the movies, almost on a dare, when she was eighteen.

Family tree

In fact, Judi Meredith has been as full of beans as a Boston belle ever since she was born, October 13, 1937, although the place was Portland, Oregon. Get-up and go just naturally runs in Judi's blood: Her grand- mother was a White Russian named Von Kinski, who beat the Bolsheviks to the border in the bloody Revolution of 1918. Then she married a hi-balling French-Can- adian lumberman named Frank Boutin, who rambled on to Oregon and wound up the richest man in the state. Judi Mere- dith's real tag is Judith Claire Boutin. So she's Russian-French with some English from her mom, Janice Starr, also a streak of talent. Two concert pianists roost in the Starr family tree.

After Grandpa Boutin died, there was quite a family fortune, "until," Judi sighs, "his kids got hold of it." Nonetheless, no- body played benefits for the Boutins around Portland. Judi's dad, Herbert,

operated successfully as a businessman-in- vestor and owned the Mobilift Corpora- tion. Although Herb got kicked in the head playing football at Shattuck Mili- tary Academy, and was partially para- lyzed from then on, he never let that stop him. "My father," says Judi adoringly, "is a rare individual—brilliant, full of life, cocky and sporty." With no false modesty whatever she adds, "I take after him."

But Herbert Boutin (you pronounce that Boo-tan) had old-fashioned ideas about raising his kids. Judi lived in a big brick-and-stone house in the plush part of Portland and had everything she needed—period. The extras she worked for so she'd appreciate them. When she got out of line she got cracked down on—hard. Judi looks back and approves. "When I have my kids," she states firmly, "I'm gonna raise them by the rod!"

Of course, Judi's kids may not be ex- actly what she was when she grew up in Oregon, namely, a fascinating tomboy—all girl in important respects—but rough, tough and hard to bluff. Her dad called her "Pixie," which about nailed it. Judi is the ham in the sandwich between two sisters: Mab (Meredith Ann, from whom Judi swiped her stage name) and Louise. "Father took one look at me," Judi reports, "and was just sick. He thought I was the ugliest little brat he ever saw. He's been telling me that for twenty-three years," she grins. "I tell him, 'Yeah, I know—but I'm making money!'"

Actually, Judi was no more an eyesore back then than she is today, which is definitely not at all. Her hair was a pack of glinting ringlets and her eyes gave off the same sparks. Glands hadn't started moulding Judi's curves, but her wiry figure was cute and trim. Womanhood—and Hollywood—have necessarily altered Judi's slant on things somewhat but her attitudes were about the same then as now, too.

Could be little Judi Boutin never did trust her own femininity. But certainly she harbored no doubts about her abilities to get what she wanted in straightforward, masculine style. Judi liked what boys like—action. She couldn't stand tame little girl games, like playing house and dolls. She hated dolls. She took a wicked de- light in knocking off their pretty china heads whenever she ran across one. In fact, they bugged Judi to the point of phobia. At St. Mary's school one day a

dainty little darling was scared half to death when for no apparent reason Judi suddenly pounced and started choking her. "She was so sweet looking that I hated her," Judi explains calmly. "I saw that white, soft back of her neck and I just grabbed it." The nuns pulled her off and demanded an explanation. "She reminded me of my sister's doll," replied terrible-tempered Boutin.

Secrets and surprises

A few months ago, one of Judi's boy friends, Ivan Townsend-Smith, took her on a drive to Lake Tahoe. Coming back, they stopped at June Lake in the Sierras, where the millionaire playboy suggested trout fishing. He said he'd show Judi how. Well, Smitty barely got his gear together before Judi had her limit—sixteen fat trout. It was really old stuff to her; she'd hiked and camped and fished in the mountains since the time she could walk. But why pop off about it?

Says Judi, "I never in my life told anybody I could do anything until I did it. Not even my own family."

That meant that independent Miss Boutin had plenty of secrets in her young life which, sooner or later, exploded like bombs before her startled family and friends. Her sharp little nose was always poking into something that promised excitement. One day, during the war, for example, she was happily gobbling popcorn at a movie house with a schoolmate when the master-of-ceremonies invited anyone up on the stage who wanted to sing.

"Go ahead," prodded the girl friend, "if you do I'll buy you a chocolate bar."

Judi bounced right up, sang *Paper Doll*, *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, and a few other wartime hits. They almost never got rid of her. After that she started singing all around Portland, to her parents' complete surprise. It was the same way with boys.

One afternoon, when she was twelve, her dad came home to find eighteen bikes parked in the front yard. Inside the house were eighteen boys—and Judi, bopping it up. "Hey," protested her dad. "This isn't a poolroom!" Later he puzzled to his popular daughter, "I didn't know you knew any boys."

"Ha!" laughed Judi.

When Judi took violin lessons her family could never figure how she got good enough to play in the Portland Junior Symphony Orchestra. She never seemed to touch the instrument at home. They were considering choking off the lessons because she didn't practice, when a bus driver spilled the mystery. "This crazy kid of yours," he informed Mr. Boutin, "hauls out her fiddle and saws it all the way downtown." Judi practiced on the bus to her lessons. Like today, she tried to cram forty-eight hours' living into twenty-four.

But the biggest surprise—and what set Judi Boutin off on the track to show business—was ice skating. One day a friend of Mab's came around to take her to the Portland Ice Rink, but Mab wasn't home so she took Judi. Judi took to ice like a penguin. But, like everything, she told nobody. She went down alone on the bus, rustled up her own admissions and hid under the seats between sessions so she could skate the next round free. Her folks thought she was just playing hockey at school.

But one day someone at the rink took it upon himself to call Mr. Boutin. "Say," he said, "do you know that this Judi girl of yours is a great little ice-skater?"

"No!"

"Yeah—you'd better get down here and take a look at her." Herbert Boutin did. He was so impressed he bought Judi figure

skates and all the gear she needed. In no time at all Judi was a whirling whiz on rockers. In fact, from the time she was twelve until she was sixteen that was her biggest charge. Right away, she made the Portland Figure Skating Club, the only kid in a field of adults. Next summer she boarded alone in Tacoma to take instruction from teacher Johnny Johnson at the Lakewood Arena. At fourteen they flew her up to Alaska to entertain troops. When she was only fifteen Shipstad and Johnson saw Judi in action and asked her to join the Ice Follies as a pro.

"Sure!" agreed Judi.

"Nope," said her dad. You see, there was school.

Creating doubt

Being a Catholic, Judi had rattled around mainly in convents. She was a good student; in fact, a near genius in what boys are usually best at—math. Otherwise, well, there were problems. Judi wasn't cut out to be a placid convent girl. Besides throttling innocents who had offensive white necks, Judi owned a red temper to match her hair and a ready knockout punch to back it up. She was always being hauled on the carpet for flattening some opponent with a quick one-two. Also, she was forever pestering the sisters with embarrassing questions. Inquisitive Judi wanted to know how come about everything to the 'Nth' degree. "Judith," the nuns told her, "ask your questions after class, not when the other children are around. You create doubt."

Anyway, whether Judi created doubts or havoc, she still had to be educated, the way her parents figured it. But Judi wanted to join the Ice Follies—and what Judi wants Judi usually gets. She saw no reason why she couldn't take on high school and a strenuous Ice Follies tour, too—which is just what she did. While Judi skated around the U.S. and Canada she also took eleven subjects by mail and passed them all. In the Follies, fifteen-year-old Judi did a line specialty and trained for a comedy ice act of her own. What happened next wasn't very funny, though.

Judi went to Reno, after her tour, to live with her aunt and attend Manogue school in the Nevada city. The idea was to bring her back down to earth. "After your Ice Follies career," cracked her dad, "you'll be such a smarty you won't be able to go back with kids your age and act normal." Judi promised she would, too, and she showed 'em. She made the highest grades in her class. But otherwise the move was a mistake. Judi and her aunt just didn't hit it off at all.

"She didn't have kids of her own," Judi explains, "so she didn't like them or understand them. I was treated like Cinderella. I wasn't allowed in the living room, and when guests came I had to eat in the kitchen." When a cousin she'd never met, Bud Boutin, the golf professional, dropped by for a visit, he told Judi, "I thought you were the maid."

The blow-off came when Judi skipped school one day. When her aunt found out, she really stormed up a scene, locked Judi in her room and hired a sitter to guard her. That night Judi was scheduled to step out to the U. of Nevada prom. But when her date showed up with flowers he got the door slammed in his face. Then Judi's aunt called Portland and ripped her to pieces over the phone. Her dad drove up the next day. Judi doubts if she'll ever again play quite as dramatic a scene as that one.

Both Herb Boutin and Judi sat silent while her aunt recited her crimes and called her every name in the book. Suddenly Judi said coldly, "Shut your mouth!"



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She'd never said that to any grown-up before. Her aunt slapped her and Judi knocked her clear into the dining room. Then she ran upstairs and sat on the window ledge to cool off; thinking, says Judi, "that Daddy would probably kill me." Next thing she knew Judi almost did that job herself.

She slipped off the ledge and landed on her tail, busting two vertebrae. Her dad took her home to a Portland hospital.

Trouble on her back

Sometimes when trouble hops on your back it just stays there, riding like a monkey. From then on trouble rode Judi Boutin's teens, almost until she got to Hollywood. First off, they put her back a grade at Holy Name Academy in Seattle, where her folks shipped her. Then, Easter vacation she caught a critical dose of poison oak that invaded her lungs and bloodstream. She puffed up like a balloon, couldn't eat and darned near died in another hospital. To this day Judi breaks out in spots every spring, even though she stays miles away from the shrub.

Then, it cooked her junior year but she got into Holy Child School in Portland as a senior by boning up that summer. One week end in November Judi went skiing on Mount Hood, zipped into a turn and found herself tangled up in a mess of ice and snow.

"Come on, Judi—get up," the kids said.

"I can't," she told them. She'd shattered her left leg. That put her on crutches for six months and finally the doc cut out her knee cap. "You won't be skating again," he sentenced.

"Try and stop me," gritted Judi. She meant it, too. Judi fully intended to rejoin the Ice Follies the minute she got out of school. "The whole thing had been such a big gas," she sighs, "and I knew that whatever happened, show business was for me."

But the doc was right—her knee wobbled—so Judi had to bounce off in another direction. That last year she did some musicals at the Portland Civic Theatre. Her folks didn't object; they called it a "phase." But Judi's dad had other plans for her—he wanted her to go to Oregon U. and study chemical engineering. He said she could join some other girls on a trip to Europe first, as a graduation present.

"I want another one," said Judi. "A summer course at the Pasadena Playhouse."

"Good Lord," her father flipped, "I thought we'd gotten over *that*! But," he finally softened, "we'll make a deal. You can go, but if you don't have yourself an acting job by the end of summer, you'll hit the math books at Oregon State—okay?"

By summer's end, Judi was prepared to pay off the bet. The six weeks' session at Pasadena hadn't set any rockets blasting. So many other stage-struck kids swarmed around Pasadena that she barely edged into a dinky part in the last act of *Picnic* for one performance. She didn't meet any Hollywood directors, agents, or producers. In fact, Judi herself invaded Hollywood only once expressly to get a look at Schwab's Drug Store, which she'd read about and hankered to see. The only stars she saw were George Burns and Gracie Allen, who came over to see their son Ronnie in the same play with Judi. They just mumbled "very good" politely when Ronnie introduced them, without much enthusiasm.

No joke

"See?" her dad triumphed, back in Portland. "You're not such a great actress as you think you are, are you? Now, get with that geometry and trig."

Grimly, Judi got with it—for two weeks.

70 Then one day the telephone rang. "Miss

Boutin," said a gravelly voice, "this is George Burns."

"Go away," said Judi, "I'm studying." She thought it was a joker she knew who always tried to be funny. It wasn't.

"We thought you might like to do our TV show with our son Ronnie," explained George. "Can I speak with your father?"

So, Judi was saved by the bell, a telephone bell. With a bonafide acting offer and George's promise to take care of his little girl, Herbert Boutin knew he was licked. Judi knew, of course, that it wasn't really George Burns who wanted her for the show; it was Ronnie. They'd got along great as classmates in Pasadena. As a pro in Hollywood, Judi soon discovered, with a jolt, things could be different.

Judi stayed with family friends first and the day she arrived, Ronnie Burns came over. He mixed himself a drink, put on a record and promptly, according to Judi, "made the big pass."

"I let him drop with a thud," she says, "and out he stormed. Next day we rehearsed at the Burns house and Ronnie wouldn't speak to me. I seem to lose friends," muses Judi, "before I gain 'em." She wasn't a bit surprised when, five weeks later, she was dropped from the show, on a flimsy excuse. But they soon asked her back. Judi's a habit that, once acquired, is hard to break. Judi Meredith (she switched her name because people

as gullible as a gooney bird, Judi paid to learn.

That jail record

One boy who took her out, for instance, conned Judi into giving him \$1500 to finance a fancy sports car. At the time, Judi had exactly \$1531 in the bank, but she trustingly scribbled the check. For weeks after she was so broke (she never hollered home for help) that she couldn't even buy soap. She's yet to get paid back on that deal, but she's not sore. Another heel, a producer whom she interviewed for a job, tried forcibly to attack her—and that still makes her see red. "Him I'll get someday," she growls. "I'll destroy him!"

The first girl Judi took an apartment with—after a chaperoned Studio Club stretch, which Judi hated—promoted her for rent, groceries, laundry, cleaning and Judi's automobile. When this mooch finally departed she walked off with half Judi's wardrobe. In between, she also managed to land Judi in jail.

The roommate's boyfriend (later unmasked as a professional con artist who'd had nine wives) dumped a hot Thunderbird, paid for with a rubber check, at their door. "Have Judi switch license plates with her car," he instructed his sweetie. Judi obliged—she thought it was just a friendly gesture—having no idea switching plates can be a Federal rap involving two years in the pen. When she drove up to her pad next day, five men were there. They chorused, "Hi, Judi."

"Hi," she said, friendly like.

"Where's the Thunderbird?" one wanted to know.

"What's it to you?"

The five all flashed badges like *Dragnet*. "Come with us." They took Judi and the other babe to the tank, tossed them in with junkies, prostitutes and pickpockets.

Judi was cleared pronto, of course, when it came out she was innocent of all the skullduggery. She asked her roommate, "Why didn't you tell them I didn't know anything about all this business?"

"I didn't want to go to jail alone," wailed the chick.

But even in this most frightening episode in her life, Judi Meredith kept her sense of humor. At the jail tank all the fallen women crowded around her. "What you in for, Baby?" they asked. Judi summoned up her most hard-cooked leer. "Grand theft—auto," she barked. "Me," she laughs today, "I was just one of the girls!"

That's the point about Judi—you just can't beat her down with a baseball bat.

Leading with her heart

Careerwise, Judi Meredith has had things fairly steady, with all those Burns shows. She's done some seventy-five other TV jobs on about any show you can name, too, and had a crack at a studio contract with Universal-International. It lasted for three pictures, then the lot started to shutter down, and she had nothing to do. Judi faced her bad luck squarely: She walked into the office of Jim Pratt, the executive who had hired her. "Look," she suggested. "You offer me a picture part and I'll turn it down. That will make things easy, won't it?" She left with no hard feelings, regrets or glooms.

But it's in the romance department that Judi Meredith reveals a most awesome resilience—or maybe you'd call it a protective philosophy aimed at keeping her fractured feelings glued together. Since she arrived love's been a chronic condition. Always, Judi has led with her heart. Luckily, it's a gay heart, and sturdy.

As far back as Pasadena Playhouse days, Judi was engaged. A student named Rod Franck sealed it with a ring and every-

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insisted on calling her real one 'Button') worked with the Burns family four years, three with Burns and Allen and one with George. Most of that time she played Ronnie's girl friend, Bonnie Sue. But all that time Ronnie wouldn't speak to her and still doesn't. "He hated me so he even wore dark glasses the minute our scenes were over so he wouldn't have to look me in the eye," reveals Judi rather sadly. "Young men take things so hard, don't they?"

Luckily, Judi doesn't. She's so loaded for life that she welcomes anything that comes along, good, bad or indifferent. Her funny-bone's so responsive and her moxie so strong that she can weather any wallop with a laugh. "I've got more guts than talent, you know," she says cheerfully. Judi might get an argument on that last part, but not on the first. Because in her five years around Hollywood she's bumped into some rumbles that would send the average girl crying home to mama.

Like any pea-green, super-attractive eighteen-year-old doll who solos in Hollywood, Judi Meredith learned the bachelor girl ropes the hard way. She ran into all Hollywood types—free livers and free loaders, nice people and heels, lambs and wolves. Being a heads-on type herself, honest, trusting, open hearted and, at first,

thing. "But," reports Judi, "I got into TV and he was going on to school. Besides, going steady got a little overpowering, too married before married. I don't like to be cornered." So that was that. Came next this fellow, Stewart, who writes her those torchy letters he tears up but keeps sending. "I think I'd have married him even at eighteen, except that his parents raised such a rumpus, and so did mine," reflects Judi. Stewart was Jewish and Judi Catholic, and parental consent was important. There's still a soft spot on both sides.

Troy Donahue was number three. He lived downstairs from Judi and they made a couple of pictures together at U-I. Troy didn't even own a car then, but they drove Judi's around to friends' houses, and the beach, skated, played touch football—love on a dime. "We were unofficially engaged," says Judi, "but Troy was just too possessive." One night he busted into her apartment jealously when she was just about to retire, made a scene and wound it up pushing Judi's face into a glass-framed picture. That was enough. She bounced off to a friend of Troy's, Wendell Niles, Jr.

It was official again, with another ring. But Judi sniffed trouble ahead. Wendell was tied too close to his parents. "I'll tell you one thing," stated Judi, "when we get married, I'm not going to live with your folks." She kept after Junior to get a job on his own. He did, but in New York. That wasn't where Judi meant. "I'm twenty-one," she declared herself openly. "And too young to stay tied to someone clear across the country. If you go, I guess it's good-bye."

Almost: Barry Coe

Judi's closest call was with Barry Coe. At first Judi tabbed Barry as just another movietown snake. At a press party he had his arm linked in another cutie's, but he gave Judi the eye. "And that made me sore," reports Meredith. "I thought—what a two-timer!" Next day when a publicity type called suggesting she shoot a magazine layout with Barry, Judi told them both where they could go. But Barry called most politely, apologized and suggested a day at the beach to get acquainted. Judi was two hours late to give him a hard time. She discovered Barry to be "a real person, honest, unspoiled, unassuming—just adorable." Four weeks later Barry popped the question.

"No—let's wait a year and see how we feel then," sparred Judi. "Lucky," she sighs, "that I did." Last May Judi discovered she had a rival, a married actress, that Barry hadn't told her about. "Okay," she signed off. "We're finished. I never want to see you again."

"I was too much of a mother to Barry," Judi quarterbacked that year-long episode now. "I did a lot for him—got him a new agent, new press agent, made him more conscious of his career, I think. I don't think that was what he wanted from a girl." Graciously, Judi thinks Jorunn Christensen, (Miss Norway whom Barry met and married last year) is perfect for him. "She wants to be just a wife, stay home and everything," she concludes. "I don't fit that picture."

After her break-up with Barry Coe, Judi dropped twelve pounds, but mostly because she got bronchial pneumonia. Her heart did crack a little, but she's not the kind to wither away. "I make snap judgments and I stick to them," claims Judi. "I get hurt—sure—every day. But I've never given any man the satisfaction of seeing me busted up or crying—and I never will!"

That's the way love is—that's how it goes with Judi Meredith, to quote Bobby Darin's song hit. A sort of tightrope walk between Heaven and hostilities. Bobby, by the way, is a devoted Meredith boyfriend

(Advertisement)

Let's talk frankly about *internal* *cleanliness*

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whenever he lights long enough in Hollywood. In fact, Judi's the only girl he takes out at such times. "We go for rides, sit and gab mostly," says Judi. "Bobby's a great talent and almost as charged up as I am. A little cocky, maybe, to cover up his insecurity," she analyzes, "but a real doll. We're two of a kind and we have a lot of fun. Am I involved? We-l-l-l—I don't know! Maybe."

Like Bobby, Judi also worships Frank Sinatra, who takes her out, too. But at the start of their friendship she promised not to say a word about Frankie, and she's stuck to it. Columnists pester her sometimes long-distance from New York, but she hasn't chirped about Frank and doesn't intend to. "I know," says Judi simply, "that he hates anyone to talk about him, and I respect that. I'd expect anyone to do the same for me—if I felt that way."

Judi lives in a cute little apartment perched on a hillside, with a spoiled Skye terrier named Little Face. She decorated the place herself and is forever bustling around fixing it up. If she's not yanking down her curtains, washing and ironing them, she's unscrewing the garbage disposal (as she did the other day) and tuning it up. When she's home she scatters her favorite violets all around, keeps the hi-fi going (music's like dope) and shifts colorful paintings here and there to suit her moods. Meals are no problem; she goes out about every night. When she does Judi loves to dress up. She's a clothes horse who can design her outfits and then spend her last cent, if necessary, to have them made. She likes exciting colors—greens, yellows, oranges and reds—and always real jewelry, diamonds, rubies and gold. She always wears a wedding ring on her third finger, left—"because I don't want to be bothered with phonies. If a man ap-

proaches me with *that* on, I know I don't want to go out with him anyway!" She skips both make-up and booze because she doesn't need either one. And where she goes doesn't matter, so long as she's going.

Of course, Judi also works—hard. She drives around Hollywood on her scattered TV chores "like a maniac" in her '59 convertible that's had the brakes re-lined five times. Right now she has two video series coming up and a picture at Columbia. But she doesn't care a cookie about money for money's sake.

"All I really want," says Judi, "is to be happy—and to make people happy. The only way I know is to entertain them. So, that's what I want to do, all my life, in one way or another."

In one way or another, that's exactly what Judi Meredith has been doing, so far: entertaining people and herself at the same time. If, along the way, she kicks up a storm here and there, so much the better. It's usually a beautiful storm to watch, and the world around her comes to life in Technicolor.

The last time I dropped in on Judi she was wrapped up in a telephone, as usual. "Yes, Bobby," she said. "I love you. Do you love me? Ah—so? Well, that's too bad, because you wouldn't send anyone else flowers and ask her out to dinner, now would you?"

I know Bobby. I stole the phone.

"Mr. Darin," I nailed him, "what is your candid opinion of a certain notorious girl named Miss Judi Meredith?"

"Now hear this," came back the Knife. "She is just one of the swellest all-around, all-time, All-American girls—ever! And," he added, "you can quote me."

So I will. I agree. For various reasons so does about everyone else once exposed to Judi.

Casanova's Ladies

(Continued from page 57)

me. And I let her fall. I just couldn't take it any more—watching her break apart in front of me, like a piece of porcelain. I stepped right over her. I walked right out. Since then, I've been indifferent—"

Actually, Marlon was and is far from "indifferent." When an emotional experience of such intensity occurs, it cannot be sloughed off or forgotten. The memory of it remains in the mind, and so do the guilty feelings about what happened. For one as sensitive as Marlon, the result may be continuing remorse, even self-torture—until finally it seems there is only one thing to do, one way to rid himself of his guilty feelings, and that is by finding another woman like his mother *and this time not failing her*. Doesn't this explain why, with all the women in the world to choose from, this handsome Casanova continually selects someone who is in some way physically or emotionally sick? Let us look briefly at the three women pictured here with Marlon, the three most important love-figures in his recent life:

Anna Kashfi, born Joan Mary O'Callaghan, is a strange girl who, while working as a cashier in a butcher shop in Wales, deluded herself into thinking she was an Indian. She borrowed an Indian mother from some Indian friends (Selma Ghose, listed as Anna's parent on her wedding certificate, really exists), and she created an Indian father out of her interesting imagination. In order to do this she must have been in some way emotionally disturbed, deeply dissatisfied with the way she really was in reality, and Marlon, sensing this as soon as they met, was sympathetic. They liked each other, were conversational soul-mates, then suddenly a few months later Anna developed tuberculosis. Odd as it may seem, this was the point at which all of Marlon's sympathies were engaged, as they had never been with any girl since his mother. Here was the chance he needed, to redeem himself, to *not fail* the sick woman he loved, as he had once failed Dorothy Pennebaker

Brando. He sent flowers, he phoned the hospital, he was sheer kindness, he married her, they had a son together, they lived together, and then Anna began to be well again and happy, and as she became happier and happier Marlon became more and more restless. For somehow the guilty feelings about his mother remained; though he had not failed Anna he was still not sure inside himself that he had done enough to redeem his behavior with his mother. Unable to control himself, he left Anna and the baby at home alone in the house high in the hills, frightened, huddled together, listening to the mountain lions that roamed around in the dark wind, and forced on by his powerful and terrible memory, he began searching again for a woman wounded and sick whom he could help.

He found her in France Nuyen, a beautiful little half-Chinese, half-French girl who at twenty was as broken inside as his mother had been at forty. A child of the second World War, surviving on hand-outs in the slums of Marseilles, France, ended her formal education when she was eleven years old, and learned to exist from moment to moment in a world with no past, no future. Friendless, ambitionless, gloomy, even as a Broadway and Hollywood star, she said: "I am a stone, I go where I am kicked."

Marlon picked up the stone, held it tenderly, and the stone bled tears. "Come live with me and be my love," he said, as he had said to Anna and to his mother long ago—and off they went together to Haiti. The nights were beautiful, their happiness pounded like the bongos and stretched as clean and far as the sandy beaches, then suddenly it began to happen again—that strange restless feeling in Marlon, that feeling that this wasn't it after all, that this wasn't enough to make up for what he had done to his mother, to erase that bitter memory forever. Good-bye, France, he said, and flew to Hollywood, to search again.

He went to Cyrano's, a coffee house on Sunset Strip. It was late, after midnight. A dark-eyed beauty named Barbara Luna was at a nearby table. "I could feel his eyes penetrate through me," Barbara told us. "Finally he came over. We drank wine, we talked about the world,

about books, about politics. There was a strange immediate bond between us . . ."

The bond was deeper than either of them knew. Like Dorothy Brando, Anna Kashfi and France Nuyen, Barbara Luna was bits and pieces of broken porcelain. Another tortured soul—a girl who in 1953 brought assault charges against a young Turkish exchange student, and two years later appeared in juvenile court on a dope charge.

Marlon loved her in his way, and Barbara loved him enough to say later when it was all over that she could understand how a girl who had been loved by Marlon could never love another man as long as she lived. As it turned out, though Barbara had been emotionally disturbed as a child, she wasn't any longer, and so their romance never achieved any real intensity, but it did receive enough publicity for France to read about it in the Hong Kong papers—France, the girl who, despite all, somehow remained in love with Marlon. As she read the items and waited in vain for mail from Marlon, she began having attacks of nausea, developed laryngitis, couldn't say her lines, became nasty to everyone on the set of the movie *The World of Suzie Wong* in which she had the lead. In the grip of an emotion larger than she had ever known, she began stuffing herself with food, crazily, desperately, trying to fill the emptiness that Marlon had left in her life. She stuffed herself right out of the part in the picture and almost into the hospital.

Was it some strange feminine instinct that told her if she became sick, really sick again, Marlon would want her again? Whatever it was, whatever name we psychoanalysts might give it, I prefer to call it Love. A love so powerful and self-sacrificing that it brought Marlon back to her side and will, I truly believe, do what all of Marlon's previous loves plus a battery of psychiatrists could not do—erase the bitter memory of his mother, and give these fine, sensitive, tortured human beings the share of normal love and companionship to which all of us are entitled.

END

Marlon stars in *THE FUGITIVE KIND* and in *ONE-EYED JACKS*, both films United Artists releases.

Bring Me Back to Your House, Oh Lord

(Continued from page 32)

within a matter of moments. So close, in fact, that one of the young men who'd come out of the car with Elvis, a bodyguard, no doubt, was annoyed.

"Hey oldtimer, step back a li'l bit, will you?" he said.

The old man did not move.

"Hey, old boy—c'mon." He said it loudly now, harshly. "Git movin'. C'mon."

It was at this point that Elvis turned to see what was going on; at this point that the old man, still smiling, raised his hand and showed a small passel of papers he was holding.

With his thumb, he slipped one of the papers forward.

"That for me?" Elvis asked.

The old man nodded.

Elvis began to reach for the paper.

The bodyguard intercepted it.

"This geezer's a crackpot, El boy," he said. "Here, let me have that."

Elvis looked over at the old man.

He saw that the smile was gone from his face now.

He put out his hand.

"Give it back," he said to the bodyguard.

The bodyguard looked at Elvis and did.

Elvis looked down at the paper and read the few words printed on it.

Easter is coming, it read. Are you coming to church?

"Ha!" said the bodyguard, reading it over Elvis' shoulder.

"Mister," Elvis started to say, looking up from the paper, over towards where the old man was standing, "why do you—"

But he stopped.

Because the old man, in those few moments, had taken one step back into the crowd.

Another step.

And then, as quickly as he'd come, he'd disappeared. . . .

Another Easter

It was about an hour later.

Elvis was in the bedroom of his huge suite, lying on his bed.

Outside, in the living room, he could hear the others—members of his retinue; the bodyguard, a few musicians, an agent, a couple of hometown buddies—talking, some of them; playing cards, a couple of others; one of them strumming away on

his old guitar, humming as he strummed.

But, actually, Elvis barely heard them at all.

For he was thinking, thinking hard, about a little something he couldn't seem to get out of his mind—about the strange and silent old man who'd come up to him before, about the paper he'd handed him.

"I wonder," Elvis thought, after a while, "how long it's been since I've been to church, at all—Easter or any other time."

He closed his eyes.

And he began to remember, for some reason, an Easter a long time ago, back in Mississippi, when he was just a little snip of a boy.

He remembered it clearly.

His ma and his daddy, he remembered, had bought a brand new suit for him, for that day, from money they'd been saving for well on a year now. And came the day, and they'd dressed him up in the new suit and then, each holding him by a hand, they'd left the tiny house where they lived and they'd walked a couple of miles down the dusty road, towards town, and to the building there which they'd told him was called a church—"a house of God," as they'd said.

The church, he remembered, was a small place. But crowded. Crowded with lots and lots of people who, like his ma and like his daddy, were poor people, hard-working and sad and impoverished people.

Yet, he remembered, it wasn't long after they'd all sat down inside the church and the minister had come out to deliver his sermon—"Jesus Christ, on this day," the minister had begun, "He rose, this holiest of men, and He went from the tomb in which He lay, straight up to Heaven, glorious Heaven, so's He could look down on and take care of you, sir, and you, ma'am"—that something had begun to happen to these people.

He'd looked around, midway during the sermon, Elvis remembered, and he'd noticed that the faces of these people were different-looking suddenly. That they were becoming transformed by the words they were hearing—transformed from the faces of poor and sad and weary people to the faces of people who were rich and happy, like the richest and the happiest people on this here earth.

And Elvis remembered how, after the service was all over and they were walking back up the road again, him and his folks, he'd said, "That was sure nice . . . I wish it was next Easter comin' soon so we could come back here again."

And how his Ma had said, "From now on, Elvis, we're all goin' to come to church meetin' every Sunday. Been bein' lazy about it long enough, we have. But from now on, we're comin', every Sunday. And we're goin' to pray and sing and hear God's word, jest like today."

"After all," she'd added, "how is God goin' to know we love Him if'n we don't show up at His house for a little while, jest the way we expect Him to keep showin' up at ours?"

Elvis remembered this.

And what happened after.

The years in Mississippi, then up in Memphis, where the family eventually moved—the years of going to church, faithfully, every Sunday, as if their whole true lives depended on it.

And then how the church-going ended, suddenly, a few years ago, when he—Elvis Presley—became a singer, and a success.

There was that other Sunday morning, back in early 1956. He would never forget it. How he and the folks had walked into their church and how that group of kids, standing just inside the big doors, actually inside the church, had begun to shout, and scream, and squeal. How he and the folks hadn't even been able to get beyond where they stood. How they'd turned, eventually, and walked back outside, and away, afraid they were going to make a mockery of their church, their love for God.

That had been the first time he'd gone to church after his big success, Elvis remembered. And, aside from his hitch in the Army—when he had been able to go uninterrupted, it had been his last.

"And I guess," he thought now, lying on his bed in the big Hollywood hotel, four years later, "that's the way it's got to be."

"Just the way it's—"

A cold shiver, gigantic, heavy, rushed through his body. He opened his eyes.

The sun that had been lingering outside this late afternoon had gone down by now.

And the room was pitch black.

"Lord—" Elvis cried out, suddenly.

The talking in the living room stopped, for a moment.

"Lord—" Elvis said, whispering this time.

"O Lord . . . Bring me back to Your house."

"If only they understood, the other people in Your house," he said, "if only they realized how much I want to come to You . . . have wanted to . . . all these years."

"If only they realized that I am one of them, just like them . . . Nothing more than one of Your children."

"Just like them. . . ."

It was a few minutes after ten o'clock the following morning when Elvis, alone,

pulled up to the church, an Assembly Church of God, in downtown Los Angeles.

From his car, he looked at the entranceway, watching as a few persons, late comers, walked inside, hurrying, in order that they wouldn't be too late.

He waited a few minutes—till everyone, it seemed, was inside.

And then, slowly, he got out of the car, walked towards the entranceway and went inside, too.

From the rear of the church he could see that the service had already begun; the minister was in his pulpit, delivering his preliminary announcements.

Elvis looked around the rear section, where he still stood, for a pew with an empty space.

There was none.

He had just begun to turn to his right, with the intention of walking to the side of the church and standing there, throughout the rest of the service, when, from the corner of his eye, he saw someone signaling him.

He turned again and he saw that it was an usher, up in the front of the church, pointing to a pew there, an empty place.

Somehow, during the signaling, a few members of the congregation turned to the rear, to see, out of curiosity, who had arrived so late.

And, suddenly, it began—the murmuring, the turning of more heads, and more, and more. Until, finally, the entire congregation was facing Elvis, and the minister, aheming at first, then realizing what was going on, stopped what he was saying and called out instead:

"Young man."

Elvis looked up at him.

"Would you," the minister asked, "prefer to continue standing there? Or—"

He smiled.

"—would you like to take advantage of this free space up here?"

The murmuring, which had continued through all this, quieted now.

Until there was absolute silence.

Until Elvis, realizing what he had to do, nodded, and began to walk down the aisle.

It was a long walk—the longest walk of his entire life.

And it was nearly over . . . he had no more than ten steps to take . . . when he saw the girl, and he slowed his pace.

The girl was seated in the end seat of the third pew. She was a young girl, no more than fourteen or fifteen, redhaired and pretty. Her head was turned. She was facing Elvis, her blue eyes glued on his. And in those blue eyes Elvis could see everything that had been responsible for his fantastic success in show business these past four years, everything responsible for his terror here in church, this morning.

He didn't take his eyes away from the girl's.

He couldn't.

Instead, he found himself continuing to stare back into them. And, as he did, he found himself, begging, silently:

"Please, Lord, please . . . Make her turn to You. . . ."

Suddenly, he noticed, very suddenly, the girl lowered her eyes, and looked away, back towards the front of the church.

While Elvis, taking a deep breath, walked on to his seat.

And once there he, too, lowered his eyes.

As, humbly, he thanked God for making this morning possible.

As he thanked, then, just as humbly, a strange little old man who'd stood in that crowd outside the hotel only the day before, and who had handed him that piece of paper . . . and whom he knew he would never see again.

END

Elvis will be seen soon in G.I. BLUES, Paramount; later in LIVE WIRE, 20th-Fox.

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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



No Tears, No Trouble When Your Dates Are Double

(Continued from page 42)

discovered. For she has found that a girl all alone is lonely. A girl all alone with a boy makes two, and two make a dangerous situation. Three have always been a crowd, and a crowd is a drag...so the answer seems to lie in the number four.

Four make a double date. A good all-play-and-no-consequences date.

When Brian Kelly phoned Diane for a date, she was surprised at the way her heart leaped at the sound of his voice.

"Whoa, girl," said Diane to herself. "Don't start that again..."

Into the telephone she said lightly, "Why, Brian, of course I'd love to see you again. Yes...yes...and I've been thinking of you since that party, too. Of course.... Swimming first? Wonderful...Oh, let's kind of make it a foursome, couldn't we...? Who? Mickey? Mickey Callan? Why yes. He's a darling....Of course.... Yes, I have a friend. Real cute. Just right for Mickey. She's tiny and blonde and loads of fun....Swell....That's a date...."

Brian was nice, thought Diane after she hung up. A TV actor, quite Rock Hudson-ish looking, with a twinkle in his eyes and a blarney kind of charm—Diane stopped short. She didn't want any involvement, not with Brian or any other charmer. She has good reason for wanting to keep her heart free. She's on the verge of something very bright and wonderful in her career. Last year she was chosen—practically pulled out of the senior class of Glendale High—to play Richard Burton's teen-age granddaughter in *Ice Palace*, a very important production. Several of the studio brass at Warners' had told her then, "We've got great plans for you."

Advice from a pro

An actress on the set had taken her aside and suggested, "Don't get yourself involved, honey. I've seen more girls' chances ruined because they fell in love right at the outset of their careers. Something happens to a girl when she falls in love. She can't think of anything else. And sometimes she gets hurt—it shows in her work. She's through before she gets started. See what I mean, dear..."

Diane nodded. She saw. She knew what it was like to be hurt by falling in love—to forget everything but the memory of a boy's arms around her and

suddenly discover the arms gone, the shoulder to snuggle on no longer there. She knew of the evenings when she'd suddenly burst into tears, and of the afternoons in class when the instructor's words were only a blur.

Her parents and his had called it "puppy love," "just a teen crush." Deciding it was time to break up the two-year dating, the boy's parents had sent him off to military school out-of-town, and when he left, Diane thought her sixteen-year-old heart was broken forever.

She had tearfully confided to her closest girl friend at Glendale High, "No one understands. They think a teen-ager doesn't have feelings. I'm utterly devastated."

Time had erased the first stinging hurt, but it had not erased the memory of it. "No more falling in love," she told herself. "Not until it's for real. No more getting involved and being hurt."

"Still, I love to go out with boys. Dating's part of my life. How to do it and steer clear of trouble? I remembered something I learned in high school. When I was a junior and senior, going out on a foursome could give me all the fun of dating, and none of the complications."

Oddly enough, one of the girls she met in the Hollywood circles she now began to move in was tiny, blonde Cindy Robbins. As girls do, they had a gab session one day about clothes and men and marriage. Cindy had gone through an unhappy love affair herself. She and Rock Hudson had dated exclusively for several months, and Cindy had fallen madly in love with him. Cindy took their dates seriously, but Rock was just going with Cindy to forget the strain of his unhappy divorce at the time. Rock thought of cute, laughing Cindy as a delightful companion who could make him relax during a tense period in his life. Afterwards, he stopped seeing her.

It took Cindy a long time to get over it. "Next time," she promised herself, "I'm not going to go out with a fellow on solo dates until I know what the score is."

There they were. Two beautiful young girls, full of life, full of fun, and bent on keeping out of love.

Doubling was the answer. Brian brought Mickey Callan. Mickey and Cindy hit it off immediately. Diane and Brian continued to find each other delightful com-

pany. Being a foursome kept them from getting sloshily sentimental. There they were, poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel, laughing, flirting, swimming, goofing around, teasing each other affectionately. They all had such fun they extended the date to dinner and a drive along the beach at night. Having another couple along took the accent off sex and put it on laughs.

Later that night, at Diane's doorstep, Brian leaned over and said, "It was fun, wasn't it?"

Diane looked dreamy. "It was lovely fun."

Mickey, in the convertible with Cindy, called out: "Let's make it again."

Cindy and Diane looked at each other. And exchanged a wink. **END**

Diane McBain is in Warner Bros.' *ICE PALACE*; Michael Callan is in Columbia Pictures' *BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG* and will soon appear in *PEPE*; Brian Kelly is on 21 BEACON STREET for ABC-TV; Cindy Robbins is in U.I.'s *THIS EARTH IS MINE*.

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What Killed Diana Barrymore?

(Continued from page 46)

of gin—stuff Diana had kept on hand for them, friends, and for acquaintances, moochers, whoever might drop by.

On the morning of January 24, a Sunday—thirty-two days later—there was only one quarter of one of these bottles left.

Diana held it, tremblingly, in her hand, pouring some of it into a glass.

"I'll finish it," she mumbled, groggily, as the maid, Eva Smith, walked into the room. "—And then, after I'm through, I'll get some more. . . ."

Dangerous combination

The maid was worried.

"Miss B," she said, "it's nearly noontime. Ain't you ever planning to get out of bed today?"

"A person gets out of bed after she's slept. I haven't slept," Diana said. "Not for two days."

The maid looked over at the table next to the bed, at the tiny bottles of seconal and barbiturates there. "The pills don't help?" she asked.

Diana shook her head. "No."

"Maybe you're taking too many of them," the maid said.

"I don't know," said Diana.

"Maybe," said the maid, "could be, I mean, that it's the whisky combining with them pills that don't make them work . . . You got to be careful about the whisky and them pills, Miss B. They can produce dangerous results taken together. Bad on the heart." She nodded. And then she walked over to the bed, and slapped some life into the pillow on which the weary Diana lay, and then she reached for the glass Diana was holding. "Now maybe if you stopped on the whisky for a while—" she started to say.

Diana drew back her hand, the glass. "Would you raise the shade?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am," the maid said. She walked across the room, to the window, lifted the shade and looked out. "My," she said, "looks like a nice cold one again today . . . People coming back from church, you should see how bundled up and shivering they all are."

Diana faced the window.

She squinted.

Then she brought her glass to her lips and took a swallow.

"Did the papers come?" she asked.

"The Times and The Tribune," the maid said, "—I put them on the foot of your bed."

Diana reached for one of them.

She flipped for the theatrical section, and pulled it out.

She began to scan the columns.

"All these new names," she said, after a while, bringing the glass back up to her lips, taking another swallow, "—being cast for this play and for that . . . Who knows them?"

"I bet," the maid said, as she walked back towards the bed, "I bet you can remember when your name used to be there."

"Vividly," said Diana. (Another swallow.)

"And I bet you something else," said the maid—she smiled now, "—that it's gonna be back there again, your name, before too long. I just got the feeling . . . Things start getting back to normal around here. You start sleeping again, getting strong again, talking to those producers on the telephone again. And I bet you it won't be long till your name be back there, Miss B."

Her smile broadened.

"Now, for now, Miss B," she said, "why

don't you just try to get some of that sleep." She began to reach for the glass again. "And then, after you wake—"

Again, Diana drew back her hand.

"Keep your hands off this," she said, sharply.

She closed her eyes.

"I'm not going to sleep," she said. "I wish I could . . . But I can't."

"Gonna have some lunch then, some soup maybe?" the maid asked.

"I'm not going to have anything but this," Diana said, raising the glass a little, as if she were toasting some invisible guest. "And then," she said, "after I finish—like I told you—I'm going to get some more."

The maid started to leave the room.

"Eva," Diana said, opening her eyes suddenly, calling, pleadingly, "—don't be angry."

"I'm not angry, Miss B," said the maid, shaking her head.

"Don't be," said Diana. "Not with me . . . not today. . . ."

The Sunday search

It was shortly before two that afternoon when the bottle, the last bottle, was empty, and when she got out of her bed and walked over to the phone.

She looked up the number of the swank restaurant across the street, The Colony, and, slowly, she dialed.

"Mr. Cavallero," she said, controlling her voice, asking for the owner. "—This is Diana Barrymore. B—A—R—R—Y—M—O—R—E—she finished it and repeated it, until she heard the familiar voice on the other end of the line.

"Gene?" she asked.

"Yes, Diana?"

"I need your help. I need a bottle, whisky . . . any kind."

He hesitated. "—And how can I help?"

"You take one of your bottles, you put it in a paper bag, you give it to one of your boys, he brings it over—"

"Diana," he said, interrupting. "It's illegal. I can't."

"Please," she said.

"I can't."

"Please . . . I'll pay you. I have lots of money. Lots."

"I'd lose my license."

"Please. . . ." She began to cry. "It's the last favor I'll ever ask of you, Gene."

"Diana—" he started to say.

"I've been a good customer of yours, haven't I, always?" she asked.

"Sure you have," he said, "but that's got nothing to do with it."

"Please, Gene, please."

"Look, I—" he started to say. He paused.

"Diana," he said then, "there's a call on another phone . . . I'll be right with you. Hold on."

Diana didn't seem to hear him, the sound his receiver made as he lowered it.

"Are liquor stores open on Sunday?" she asked, suddenly, excitedly.

She answered her own question.

"Yes, some of them are . . . Of course. Some of them *must* be," she said.

She hung up the phone.

And got up from where she was sitting. "Who needs *anybody* when there are good liquor stores around," she said, as she rushed over to her closet, pulled out a coat, threw it over her slip, grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

Outside—where it was cold, just as Eva had said, freezing cold—she walked the practically-deserted streets for nearly an hour. East to Park Avenue. Then to Lex-

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ington. Then south down Lex . . . from Sixty-first Street, through the Fifties, through most of the Forties . . . block after block after block . . . the wind hitting hard against her face, blurring her eyes, disheveling her hair . . . not caring, though; walking still . . . block after block after block . . . in search of an oasis with a neon sign over it, all lit and inviting, with a sticker on its front door marked 'Open.'

But none of the liquor stores was open. Not one.

And, by the time she reached Forty-second Street, she was exhausted. And she turned and walked into Grand Central Station and went to a phone booth there and called a friend.

"Isn't there anyplace in this town," she asked, "where I can buy a bottle?"

"Diana," her friend said, "you sound as if you've already had enough."

"Don't holler," she said. "I'm going to die—"

"Diana!"

"Yes," she said. "I know it. I can feel it. My time is running out . . . I've been running . . . And so is time."

"Where are you, Diana?"

"And all I want," she went on, ignoring the questions, "is a bottle!"

"Diana, where are you?"

"Do you have a black hat," she asked, "and a black dress? For my funeral. You'll be needing them . . . if you come."

"Diana—where are you?"

She didn't answer. She didn't say anything this time. She simply dropped the receiver and left it dangling and muttered the word funeral again, as she ran from the booth and back outside, into the street, and hailed a cab to take her home.

In her building again, a little while later, she began to climb the stairs to her apartment.

She lived on the third floor.

She stopped on the second.

She walked to a door, and she knocked.

A young man, in a sweater and slacks, opened the door.

"You don't know me," she said to him, quickly, "but my name is Diana Barrymore. I'm a neighbor of yours . . . I wonder if you would sell me a bottle of liquor."

The young man looked at her. Silently. He turned and disappeared for a moment.

Then he returned.

"This is vermouth," he said, handing her what he was holding. "There were a few people over last night, for drinks. It's all I've got left. It's dry vermouth. I hope that's all right."

"Dry vermouth," Diana said.

She smiled.

Then, opening her purse, she said, "Here, please let me pay you for this. I owe you a lot for this."

"No," the young man said, still looking at her, trying to smile back. "It's on the house."

"Oh?" Diana said.

She clutched the bottle.

Without another word, she turned and she began to climb the stairs again. . . .

Last act

Eva had left. Some friends who'd come to visit, two men and a woman, disgusted with the way she'd been drinking, with her talk of impending death, had left, too. She was alone now, in the living room, standing near the big mirror, the glass in her hand, the bottle nearby. She stared over at the clock. It was nearly 11:05 p.m.

"This was always the worst part of the day, for Diana, those last days," a friend has said. "At eleven o'clock every night she would begin imagining that she was at the Martin Beck Theater, over on Forty-fifth Street, where *Sweet Bird of Youth* was playing. That she was just finishing her performance in the play. She would rise from wherever she was sitting and walk across the room, to a spot she pretended was the stage, the mirror in front of her the theater. She would stand there, stiffly, for five full minutes. And then, at 11:05, she would imagine that the curtain was coming down and that her perform-

ance was over and that the applause was beginning."

It was nearly that time now—eleven—this night.

And Diana, in front of the mirror, looked from the clock to a photograph on the fireplace, which she'd had framed and which she'd placed there a few months earlier.

It wasn't much of a photograph. Just her and a man standing together, on a pier in some sunny place, the man looking over at her and she looking at the man, and holding the small bouquet of violets he had just bought for her.

She stared at the photograph for a moment.

And then she stared, again, at the clock. She watched its big hand, carefully as it went from three minutes after, to four, to five.

And when it hit the five-mark, she faced the mirror once more and she bowed.

"I am The Princess Kosmonopolis," she whispered, rising, looking at herself in the mirror. "I."

She looked at her face, the lines, the paleness, as she repeated the words.

"I am The Princess Kosmonopolis . . . I am . . . I am . . . I . . ."

She bowed again.

Then she turned.

She walked from the living room, into her bedroom.

As she approached the bed, she dropped the glass she was still holding.

"Oh God," she said.

She threw herself onto the bed.

"Oh, God," she said.

"Please."

"I'm so tired."

"Please . . . give me sleep. . . ."

Diana Barrymore died in her sleep, sometime early the next morning—victim of a long-range combination of liquor and barbiturates.

At her funeral, four days later, her casket was covered completely with violets. The card that accompanied the flowers was signed, simply, "Tom." **END**

America's First Negro Teen Idol

(Continued from page 40)

This is his story. Johnny began singing when he was very young, but it wasn't show business then, it was for his church, his school, his family. His childhood was humble, simple, happy. His mother and father loved gospel and spiritual singing. Their home had a strong religious feeling. They went to church together, they said grace at every meal, and his mother read from the Bible every day. The church missionary group met frequently at their house. And young Johnny was always singing, because "only singing gives me such a wonderful feeling." Out of respect for his church and his folks, he avoided blues, but he did enjoy spirituals and inspirational songs. Everybody told him he had a "God-given voice. . . ."

But Johnny didn't realize he could charm the birds off a tree with his singing until he was five and attending Harrison Kindergarten down the street from his home.

It was then—in white pants, white shirt, white cape—that he sang his first solo, *Away in the Manger*, in the school's Christmas show, and won his first prize, a coloring book.

As he grew older, he sang everywhere they tolerated him. But he didn't earn money until he competed on Trummie Cain's radio Talent Show on station KCOH. He won \$15 each time, for a month, and

then \$50 for the grand prize.

That's when he got his first press notice, his photo in a local colored weekly, *The Informer*. The family liked the recognition, but didn't buy any extra copies or do any showing off. Immodesty was not a Christian virtue, they felt.

Johnny's mother was pleased when Johnny offered to sing for the Christian Society missionary group that met in the Nash house. So Johnny sang, *Yes, God Is Real*, and later the minister said Johnny had the makings of a fine minister.

"We would be pleased if he felt he had such a call. But he has to make the decision himself," said Johnny's mother.

Rules and miracles

At home, life was God-fearing yet warm and good. Johnny loved to gaze quietly out of the big picture window of the house he had been born in. The planter box underneath the window and the natty awning framed the lovely view of the world outside. The magnolia tree in front, the nice lawn and the flowers along the yellow cyclone fence, set the borders of their little world of gospel singing, Bible meetings, marvelous kitchen smells ("oh the fried chicken and apple pie that Mother baked!"), the relatives and friends who crowded the house on festive days.

Outside of their familiar neighborhood

was the touchy world of segregation; but Johnny knew the rules and did not transgress. But, in spite of the edginess of the times, Johnny kept finding outstretched hands of friendship from white folk as well as his own.

"It is a miracle," his mother would sigh. "A true miracle . . . !"

One of the miracles in Johnny's life began the day he was caddying at the Houston Municipal Golf Course and got a special request to sing for a certain distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman, right there on the clubhouse patio.

The man listened intently to the boy's lyric baritone (he was singing *Because*) and took careful note of the handsome thirteen-year-old's poise and neat way of dressing. Then he told Johnny he'd like to bring him to the local television station for an audition sometime. Johnny thanked him and went back to work. . . .

Mr. Frank Stockton, he found out from other caddies, was a retired real estate broker, whose only son had been killed in an automobile accident just after his return from the Service. He certainly seemed like a kindhearted gentleman, Johnny decided, but it was not the first time someone had heard him sing, and promised him something. . . .

When Johnny got home and told his dad, John Lester Nash, Sr., and his mother, and his older sister Dorothy Jean, they cautioned, "Don't be disappointed if nothing happens."

But his mother added, "If it is the will of the Lord, then it will happen."

The phone rang. It was Mr. Stockton,

and he explained to Johnny's dad that he wanted Johnny to meet him the next afternoon at KPRC-TV and introduce him to Dick Gottlieb. His dad agreed.

His mother sighed. "I have always hoped that Johnny would become a minister; but he shall do what he must."

Steady singer

The next day, Johnny met Mr. Stockton, was introduced to Gottlieb, and sang for him. "Come around tomorrow, and I'll let you sing on the show," Gottlieb said.

The next day, Johnny asked for and received permission to leave Jack Yates High School at 2:30 so he could make the 3:00 show at KPRC. He got to the station, did a song, and went home. Gottlieb phoned him to say so many calls has come in complimenting Johnny that he wanted Johnny to return the next day and become a steady singer on the show, at \$12 a song.

The swiftness of the deal stunned the Nash family. It meant Johnny would be the only Negro entertainer on the show, earning \$60 a week, more than his father got for his chauffeur job.

Johnny, not believing his good luck could last, held on to the caddy job which brought him about \$15 a week, and his week-end job carrying grocery bags to customers' cars at the Avalon Market. He gave his earnings to his mother, who banked them for him, and held on to his grocery job tips.

At school, they cooperated by letting him leave gym class at 2:30 each day but warned him he would have to keep his marks up.

On TV, as in all his jobs, he was a perfectionist. He knew he'd have to be extra good, and when something went wrong with the music or his singing, he would become so distressed he would threaten to quit singing forever.

In time, he quit his caddying job and the grocery job, and in his second year on the TV program, he sang only twice a week so he could maintain his high marks at school.

He continued to go to the Baptist Church, where he and his dad and sister sang in the choir. But his active week kept him away from kids his age, and he had few friends.

He studied hard, was among the top five students at school, and was at his best in science and math. He talked about going to U.C.L.A. for a degree in science, but somehow he kept getting deeper and deeper into show business.

He was always healthy, energetic and athletic, but couldn't find enough time for school sports. He could have made the first team in basketball at school, but he wouldn't give it the time. He was invited to try out for the second team, but refused. He wanted to be No. 1 or nothing.

He did not care for baseball, and preferred hunting and riding to everything else, until he became fascinated by golf. He used to go to his grandmother's ranch and hunt for squirrels, rabbits and deer. He loved to get up on a horse and round up the cattle.

Guardian angel

As he became a TV personality around Houston, Mr. Stockton continued to be his 'guardian angel.' In fact, he began to look upon Johnny as a son.

Amazingly enough—in a city where the races are still segregated—Johnny attracted white men who insisted on helping him. A helping hand always seemed to be extended to him by strangers.

With the same unexpectedness that Mr. Stockton had helped Johnny, a man from the local Paramount Theater urged Johnny to audition for the new ABC-Paramount Records company. Johnny taped three

songs, *Hey There*, *Young at Heart* and *I Believe* at the TV station, which then refused to charge him for the service.

The man at the theater shipped the tapes to New York, and the tapes were so good that Johnny received a contract by mail. His dad took the contract to his white employer, who had his attorney okay it. Then Johnny and his father signed the papers and mailed them to New York.

In August of 1956, the recording company asked Johnny to go to New York for his first recording session.

It was then that the Nash family were faced with the realization that Johnny's career was changing sharply. Singing at church, on local TV and at local clubs seemed all right, but going to New York seemed such a drastic step. It meant becoming a recording artist, and traveling. It meant becoming a professional pop singer, whereas both his mom and dad had hoped he could become a religious singer.

But his parents did not try to persuade Johnny to avoid a singing career. "If it is the Lord's will for Johnny to be a singer, then that is what he will be," his mother said.

His father took a vacation, and accompanied Johnny to New York, where Johnny cut his first disk, a ballad, *Teenager Sings the Blues*. The next day, on August 19, he was sixteen years old.

They returned to Houston, and Mr. Stockton decided Johnny ought to audition for the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts program, then searching Houston for potential contestants. More than thirty performers auditioned, and Johnny was one of three accepted. Three months later, he went to New York with Mr. Stockton to appear on Godfrey's Talent Scouts, and won.

Part of the first prize was a week on Godfrey's morning show. At the end of the week, he was given his fee at CBS. It was a check for \$700, and Johnny gazed at it, awed. "It's a lot of money!" he gasped. It was his first inkling of the big money ahead for him.

Godfrey liked Johnny so much, he kept inviting him back on the morning show, and Johnny didn't go back to Houston. His mother quit her job as housekeeper and stayed in New York with Johnny for a year. Then she went back to Houston, knowing Johnny was mature enough to handle himself.

Another guardian angel

Godfrey's admiration for Johnny grew so much that he, too, became a 'father.' He decided Johnny ought to have a personal manager, and sent him to Peter Dean and Bob Altfeld, whom Johnny accepted as his management firm.

Dean and Altfeld scurried around to find Johnny an apartment. After considerable difficulty, they found him an apartment near Columbia University. Then they persuaded Johnny to change schools, switching him to the School for Young Professionals, where Tuesday Weld, Sal Mineo and Carol Lynley were among the other students.

Then they attacked Johnny's big problem: loneliness. They brought him into their homes, introduced him to new friends, took him to golf links and tennis courts, brought him to parties. A friendly mixer when working, Johnny becomes terribly shy when socializing. His quiet personality did not help him fight off the loneliness that engulfs a close-to-home boy living 1,500 miles from home.

Despite his big readjustment, Johnny kept developing his talent. His records became top sellers on the ABC-Paramount label. On the Godfrey show, he became a steady. Godfrey himself described Johnny this way: "I don't really think good voices

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The miracle that smoothed Johnny's path with astonishing good fortune was repeated when Burt Lancaster saw Johnny singing on the Godfrey show. Lancaster had been searching for a seventeen-year-old Negro boy to play the lead role of the film version of a Broadway drama, *Take a Giant Step*, and he had auditioned 750 boys over a period of three years.

When he saw Johnny, he liked him at once and offered to send him to Hollywood for a test.

When Johnny was told this, he scoffed, "Ha . . . ! You're kidding . . . ! What would Hollywood want with me . . . ? I have no experience in acting . . . I'm only a singer."

But he yielded to his managers' insistence and studied the script, learned it quickly, and reported to Lancaster in Hollywood.

After working with Johnny for a while, Lancaster told Johnny's managers, "This boy is so good! How much acting experience has he had?" He was assured, "He was once in a high school operetta . . . that's all."

After the test, Lancaster said, "I don't have to see the test. I have seen what I want. But I still think you're lying . . . This boy has had experience!"

Johnny got the contract and made the movie. On the basis of sneak previews of *Take A Giant Step*, MGM signed Johnny for the only Negro role in its big film, *Key Witness*.

The first Negro teen idol

Johnny earned almost \$50,000 in 1959, and is already the first Negro teen idol,

drawing a tremendous fan mail. He is clearly destined to be the 'next Belafonte.'

He takes his success with calm. "Around our house," he explains, "we never boasted. We're not the type who exult when we're lucky. Ours is a quiet kind of joy. We're not too demonstrative, although when I'm home Mother still wakes me up with a kiss and the words, 'Time to get up.'"

"We don't express our joy outside; we feel it inside. We know our strength comes from within, and we are ready for whatever comes. When things are bad, nobody complains. We know that *This too shall pass*."

As soon as Johnny felt more secure about his earnings, he asked his mother to quit her housekeeping job and stay home. "She hadn't been feeling well, and I felt good being able to tell her to take it easy."

When he visited the family last Easter, he asked his mother, "What do you want for Christmas?"

She said, "Nothing."

"How about a new house?" he asked, his velvet-brown eyes sparkling.

She gasped, "You're kidding?" and he said, "I am not!" When his dad heard about it, he said, "Son, save your money."

But Johnny is looking for a plot of land in Houston, and wants to build his parents a new house. But if his movie career builds up, he may buy them a house in Hollywood, instead.

Last summer, he had another thrill at home. He flew in one Saturday morning, took his sister to an auto agency, and bought a new black-and-white Buick sedan. Then he drove it home and said, quietly, "Mom, I've got you a new car!"

His mother wept happily, and his dad protested, "No . . . ! Our old car is good enough." But, in time, they accepted the new car, and now his dad shines the car personally and explains to neighbors, "This is the car Johnny bought for us with his own earned money."

Mom Nash says, the mother love shining in her eyes, "Johnny is what God intended every son to be."

His success has not changed his values. When he was earning \$3,000 a week for

two weeks at the Apollo Theatre, he walked to his apartment between shows to rest and eat. It did not occur to him to hang around backstage or to go to fancy restaurants with an entourage.

"I don't want to live a fancy life," he explains. "I like to live simply."

A new world

His managers keep his accounts, pay his bills, give him an allowance, prepare a detailed monthly financial statement and send a copy to his parents. But he's so frugal, he rarely spends his allowance.

He keeps busy around the apartment, constructing lamps, fixing lights, setting up a hi-fi system, reading books on science and math.

His experiences away from home have shaken him up, of course. Arthur Godfrey, virtually a national institution, has embraced him in full view of millions of TV viewers, and invited him to his Virginia estate.

He has found white as well as colored girls sweet, understanding and inspiring. They have triggered off self-improvement sprees. One white girl, employed by a publishing house, impressed him with her erudition so much that he told his managers the next day, "I realize now that a high school education is not enough . . . I must somehow get a higher education!"

Because he cannot take time out for college, he has begun to read better books, carrying them with him constantly into rehearsals and trips out of town.

He hungers for social contacts that will bring him new insights into life. He'd like to see white and colored people know each other better. He worships Harry Belafonte because Belafonte is a solid citizen as well as a top entertainer. He is a friend of Johnny Mathis and Earl Grant.

His loneliness, despite his growing circle of friends, is real. It is not easy for a teen-ager to be away from home, accepted but not yet completely part of a new and exciting world.

"But I am never really alone," he explains, "I have my faith, and it is my constant companion."

END

Johnny stars in MGM's *KEY WITNESS*.

From Ugly Duckling to Cinderella

(Continued from page 58)

Franconero from Newark, New Jersey, being the Cinderella in the huge, popular Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade—? Well, it was too much. Macy's told me Shirley Temple and lots of other stars would be in it, and they wanted me to have a float of my own. The reason I hesitated wasn't that I didn't want to be a part of it. It was because I was bowled over. I gulped and swallowed and finally muttered a "Yes, I would love to," and when I hung up the telephone I was so excited I could hardly speak. My mom wanted to know who'd called, and, in a timid voice, I said, "Macy's." I was afraid to tell her the whole story for fear they had made a mistake. Maybe they wanted a Connie Somebody Else instead of me. But she finagled the news out of me, and she said we ought to celebrate with coffee and cake.

"No cake for me, Mama," I said.

"Oh, come on, honey," she answered. "Just this once."

"Uh-uh," I said firmly.

And I sat down at our big-yellow-and-chrome kitchen table in our nice new house in Bellefield, New Jersey, and began to think. My mother started the coffee pot percolating while I gazed out the window at the October sun dipping behind the

dry brown hills. All I could think of, all I could recall were my days in Junior High School, when I was fat as an overstuffed chicken, unhappy and made-fun-of. Because, now, Macy's wanted me to be their Cinderella.

The truth is I wasn't only fat. I had no confidence at all in whatever I did. I was terrible in sports, in gym class. Whenever the captains of different teams in gym class would line up the girls for their teams, they tried to pretend I wasn't there and would always leave me until last; and then finally the gym teacher would tell me to go over to such-and-such a side. I was too short for basketball, not strong enough to throw a volley ball. And I always kept goofing in the middle of a game.

And, besides, I was very heavy. I was twelve going on thirteen, and I weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. And I was a shrimp, too. People used to say, "Connie, you're no bigger than a minute!" and they made me very self-conscious of my height.

The only thing people would mention to me when they were hard-pressed for something nice to say was, "Connie, you have such nice long hair." And, one day, a boy I had a crush on announced he liked

short hair during a class break at school so I went and got a "butch bob"—and when I got home and looked at myself in my dresser mirror I screamed. I looked like a scalped porcupine, and I began bawling because I knew, then and there, I looked awful.

I was ugly, I told myself. *Ugly*. And I cried every night for two weeks. I tried to make excuses to my mom about not going to school, but she wouldn't have any of it. I just didn't want to face any of the kids.

But the heartbreaking climax of my short haircut story is that the boy who said he liked short hair came up to me in school and said, "What's the matter with you? You look so funny." And he scowled, and I went home bawling like a baby again.

All the while I had to make the rounds for auditions for TV and stage shows, and wherever my father and I would go, I'd see girls my age looking like dreams in picture-pretty dresses, with doll-baby figures. They looked like somebodies, and I felt like such a nobody. They'd wear cute shoes with small heels. I knocked around in scuffed-up flats. They'd use all sorts of make-up tricks: lipstick brushes and mascara and pancake powder. And I wouldn't bother.

One day I was to play my accordion and sing *Golden Earrings* on George Scheck's *Startime* program on TV, and a boy I liked whose name was Tommy was also

on the program. I was dressed in a flouncy gypsy costume that probably made me look twice as heavy; and after I finished my song, I went up to Tommy and said, "Hey Tommy, how did I do?" And he looked at me and nodded his head hopelessly and muttered, "Connie, you'd have looked better if you wore your accordion."

I didn't know what he meant at first. Then it struck me. He didn't like the way I was dressed. So I went home and told my mom what he said.

"Why don't you make a pretty dress for yourself, Connie?" my mom said, trying to pick up my spirits.

"I'm no good at sewing," I told her.

"But you'll never learn if you don't try," she emphasized.

The following Saturday I went to a yard-goods store and bought some brown plaid material. I decided I'd make a skirt.

I spent seven dollars on the fabric, and when I finished it, I tried it on and I looked like a blimp. I had made it too small. It had taken me weeks to finish it, and I was so disappointed I started to cry.

But, you can cry just so much without getting fed up with yourself. Then and there I told myself I had to face the fact I was a mess. I was fat. Why? I was always eating salami sandwiches and sugar cookies and pizza pies. I never paid any attention to what I ate. And I never looked after my appearance the way a girl should.

When I went to bed that night, I vowed that tomorrow would be the dawn of a new Connie. I don't know what made me so determined to change. Maybe it was my anguish over the brown plaid skirt I'd spent weeks sewing. Or maybe it was just the plain hard fact I was going out of my way to look unattractive and the fellows didn't like me.

I couldn't sleep that night. I kept tossing and turning, wondering how I could make such a big change.

That next morning I went to my health teacher at school and told her I wanted to lose weight, and she sat me down and explained what I should eat. Meats, vegetables, fruits and milk. Hero sandwiches? They were out. My mom's chocolate cakes? Out! Pizza pies and soda-pop and candy? Taboo.

I decided I wouldn't tell anyone I was going to change my eating habits because I was afraid they'd persuade me not to. When I went home, I just sat silently at the supper table and ate only what the teacher told me I should. Both my mom and dad looked at me as if I was sick. Well, I was. Sick of the way I looked.

"Eat, eat," my mom said. "Look at all those delicious mashed potatoes on your plate."

I tried to look up and smile. "But . . . but I'm not hungry," I managed to say, and I got up from the table. I was afraid if I stayed they'd coax me into eating.

But the most upsetting thing of all was that a month passed and nothing happened. I didn't look any different. And I had a frightening suspicion that I would never lose any weight, that my trouble was glandular.

Then, during that fifth week, I weighed myself on our bathroom scale and I had lost five pounds!

The following week I lost another five.

In another month I had lost twenty-eight pounds! I couldn't believe it. I was down to one hundred pounds. I'd look at myself in the mirror and shake my head. That wasn't me; if it was, it was a ghost. But I liked it!

None of my clothes fit me, of course, and even my shoe size changed from a seven to a five and a half.

Boys began paying attention to me, and all of a sudden I noticed the other girls

at school were jealous. I had more respect for myself now, and I started to think about clothes and make-up and looking pretty. Oh, I goofed plenty of times—like the day I put on so much rouge and somebody wisecracked that I looked like a floozy. I was shattered, to say the least. But I learned, and I learned because I wasn't afraid to ask questions of my teachers and friends.

Now, perhaps, you can understand how deeply thrilled I was when Macy's called me and asked me to pose as their Cinderella in their fabulous Thanksgiving Day parade. I never dreamed such an honor would be bestowed upon me, the fat girl from Newark, New Jersey.

Though I'm still not, and never will be, a fashion model type, you'll pardon me I'm sure for being pretty pleased with the changes that occurred to me—changes which enabled me to like myself well enough to try to be somebody. Pardon me also if I make like an expert for a moment now and give others, who may be in a spot like I was, a little advice, learned in the school of experience.

IF YOU'RE SHORT, as I am, remember you've got to watch your weight constantly. One extra pound can look like ten.

Don't wear horizontal stripes, even though you can't resist the color or the fabric of the dress or skirt. Every horizontal stripe you wear adds poundage to your appearance, and there are dozens of other designs styled especially for you.

The all-one-color look on a short girl is great because it lengthens the body. That's why I buy matching blouses, skirts.

Make the most of your petite femininity. The Peter Pan collar, shortie cotton gloves, slim gold bracelets—all these are delicate and might be lost on a larger girl. But they look very natural and lovely on a short girl.

IF YOU'RE TALL, don't slump or stoop because you're just calling attention to your figure, and you look like you're ready for the grave.

Designers say tall girls shouldn't be afraid of dramatic colors, which heavy and skinny girls have to bypass.

Don't be afraid to wear a medium heel; it doesn't add that much extra height. Wearing flats all the time gives you a tomboy look.

The three-quarter coat is ideal for the tall girl; it breaks up the line of her figure. Horizontal stripes, sharp color contrasts, big belts are swell, too.

IF YOU'RE THIN, beware of sleeveless blouses, particularly if your arms are bony. And don't wear airy fabrics unless they're draped or bunched up. You should wear linens and velvets and heavy tweeds rather than cottons, taffetas, fine wools.

Take advantage of the drama in big full skirts, puffy sleeves, plaid jumpers, bows and pleats and frills—so many things most girls can't wear.

IF YOU'RE HEAVY, you have the easiest problem of all because you can do something about it—lose weight.

Wear medium-length skirts, and be sure they fall evenly and aren't pulled tight across your hips. Have you ever noticed how a heavy-set girl who pays attention to details (such as fit and a lovely neckline, polished shoes, freshly ironed clothes) always looks beautifully put together next to someone with a doll-like figure who de-emphasizes her loveliness by dressing like a beatnik?

But most important, if you're too fat or thin, if you have a problem you can do something about, wake up tomorrow morning and really decide to change! If I could do it, you can too! **END**

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Petting and Parking

(Continued from page 49)

ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

A I suppose you mean Paul, Fabe and Frankie.

Q You supposed correctly.

A Well, may I honestly set the record straight on this confused story for the last time?

Q Go right ahead.

A I'm terribly fond of each one of these three guys and we have a lot of fun together. But there's nothing like a romance involved. We just enjoy each other's company.

Q Why not take each boy, one at a time, and reveal your specific feeling about him?

A Fine. First there's Paul. There's little to say about Paul except that he's my big brother and very closest friend. What was once is no longer and I'm sure we've become better and more understanding friends as a result.

Q Fabian?

A What can I say about that crazy hound-dog man? He's the ginchiest and we've had a lot of laughs together. Including the time he shoved a watermelon in my face. But as far as a romance goes, I haven't got a chance. I'm just one of a million girls in his life.

Q And, last but not least, Frankie.

A To tell you the truth, we've never had a real date together. But there's something very special about him that I haven't figured out yet. I've seen him less than Paul or Fabe but I think of him more. I don't know what it is. One of the nicest things that ever happened to me was when Frankie called me on my birthday from Texas. It meant so much to me. I hope that I can see more of him. He's great.

Q Now let's go from the specific to the general. Let's talk about the problems teen-agers always worry about. Like first-date kissing. Do you believe in it?

A I dig it. But it actually depends on the guy you are with. If he's just a friend, platonic and all that, then don't kiss him. But if you like him, then you should. I think it's a natural reaction to having had a good time. Most of the guys out here expect it.

Q You don't date many 'friends'?

A Nope!

Q How about first-date hand-holding?

A Oh, sure!

Q Have you learned any lessons about sex?

A Only one. To take it slow.

Q What's the biggest mistake you've made?

A I haven't made a big one. Just a lot of small ones during the course of a date. But then there really is no formula to dating. Every boy is a new, and usually exciting, experience.

Q And experience is the best teacher?

A For me it is.

Q Do you park with a guy?

A Sure. But not until the third or fourth date and I'm certain that I'm fond of him.

Q Do you have a favorite parking spot? Like Los Angeles' famed Mulholland Drive?

A Yes, and don't laugh. I like to park right in front of my own house.

Q Why?

A So I don't have to rush at the last minute if I'm late!

Q How do you handle wolves?

A I just don't lead them on. If you don't lead them on, then I've found that you'll have no trouble. If they do make a pass, and many of them do, then just

kid them along and show them that while they may mean business, you're only kidding them along. Just put them into their place.

Q Do you believe in drinking on a date?

A No. Definitely no! It's bad. Usually you're just a little girl trying to be big. But drinking does not prove a thing. Don't drink until you're over twenty-one and even then it isn't necessary.

Q Are your parents too strict?

A No, they're not very strict. They trust my judgment. All they ask is that I introduce them to the fellow I date, and I don't think this is unfair.

Q What do you think of going steady?

A As far as I'm concerned, I don't believe in it. I'm away so much that it wouldn't be fair to the boy.

Q And for others?

A I think it's up to the individuals, though I'm not really in favor of it. I think that after a while it becomes unfair to both the guy and the gal.

Q Do you think that you can define the most precious word in the dictionary—love?

A I'll try. I think that you're really in love when you have a special understanding with him. When you like no one else and have no jealousy and trust only him. But, then, I guess love is also a sort of a jealousy. Crazy. It's when you want to be together and do everything together.

Q Have you a current romance?

A Yep, but I'm not talking. All I'll say is that he's tall, dark and handsome and lives near me.

Q Describe your version of the ideal guy.

A He's 5 feet 11, he has dark brown hair, a good build and a great smile. That's my dream because I've never met the 'ideal' guy—and probably never will.

Q Who are your favorite men?

A Frankie, Paul, Fabe, my brothers Mike and Joey, my current 'Mr. X' who I'm not talking about, and my daddy.

Q How does the transition from girl to woman feel?

A I don't know. I haven't made the change yet. I don't feel any older than I did a year ago though I suppose I do look older. It's just that I look at things differently than I did a year ago. I'm still a girl, but no longer a little girl. **END**

FRANKIE AVALON:

(Continued from page 49)

experience. I finally had to get the manager of the hotel, and it took hours to find him, to convince the girls they should leave. Everyone in the hotel knew what was going on before they finally left.

Q Are your parents worried about your trips away from home?

A Yes. They can't wait until I get back. I've been away about ten months this year.

Q What sort of advice has your father given you about girls you meet?

A He has always told me to be careful and watch myself. He reminds me there's a lot to tempt a fellow, and that a guy has to learn self-control.

Q Was there a time when you had to remind yourself of his advice?

A Oh, sure!

Q What did your mother suggest you do to stay out of trouble?

A She always leaves the advice up to my dad. She was just nineteen when she married him, you know. . . .

Q What was your most embarrassing moment with a girl?

A Once, on a date, I tried to get a girl out of the car, and dashed around the front of the car, tripped and fell flat on my face! I was all shook up and had quite a time pretending to keep my poise.

Q If a girl gets aggressive, how do you react?

A I never let the girl get me alone. They seem to hold back if there are other people around.

Q Did you ever feel like going beyond the accepted relationship with a girl?

A I'm just normal!

Q If you never got into trouble, to what do you credit it? Your parents' influence? Your religious background? Your managers' warnings?

A It's a combination. My homelife and my church and my religious background naturally have a lot to do with it, plus the important factors of my early surroundings.

Q Have your managers ever forbidden you to date a certain girl?

A No. I'd heard that they supposedly refused to let me date Tuesday Weld, but that isn't so.

Q Do you check with them before you take out a girl?

A No—never!

Q Do they tell you how much money you can spend?

A Yes. I get an allowance of twenty dollars a week. But that doesn't mean I'm restricted to that. I get more if I need it.

Q Did you ever have a crush on one of your women teachers?

A Yes. I couldn't wait until I was in her class. She must have been twenty-two. She wasn't too big, sorta blonde and cute. I couldn't seem to get any work done. I'd just sit there, looking at her. She used to say, "Frankie, would you please run to the office with this message?" or ask me to pull the shades down, or some other errand, and I thought she really liked me. Until the end of the semester, that is. Then she flunked me.

Q Were you ever in trouble with the law?

A Once, in Milwaukee. I left my hotel room with a police escort, because of all the fans hanging around, about ten in the morning, and didn't get back until 11:30 at night. When I did, I found three girls outside my room. Every night after that, when I returned, I found more and more girls until I think some kind of a record was set. It got so when I'd try to get into the elevator to get to my floor, there would be girls waiting in it to ask for my autograph. One night I got into the elevator and there were three girls with pencils and notebooks. They asked if they could come in and visit, so I told them sure. After all, it takes time to unwind after a day's work, so I didn't mind some company. Anyway, they came in, and we sat around and talked about movies and movie stars for about a quarter of an hour. All at once there was a knock on the door, and some detectives burst in. The girls had told me they were seventeen, but when the detective warned them he'd talked with their mothers, they admitted they were only fifteen! I didn't even know that a curfew existed in town, but as soon as he got them to admit their ages, he told me that they were all out way past the curfew—and I was at fault! I had to report to the court to explain what had happened. I said I didn't know the girls were under-age. So they let me go.

Q How do you feel about premarital relations between a boy and a girl?

A I think it is very nice for a boy and girl to go steady. But it is better not to see a girl that much. There are too many temptations. I pet . . . we're all human. It's better to go to the movies, listen to records and dance, and have fun, without letting it get too complicated.

Q Do you think there's too much emphasis on sex in literature, school, and church?

A I had health hygiene in school. It started in the ninth grade. In some schools they start in the eighth. I went to a Catholic school, and the sisters instructed us. They sent the girls out of the class room and then we had free discussion. Most of us were embarrassed, but frankly, they didn't tell anything we didn't already know. In fact, most teen-agers know the answer before they get into a hygiene class.

Q How did you first learn about sex?

A I lived in a big city, full of a lot of people. By the time I'd gone through school I hadn't missed much, and then the crowds I hung around with helped fill in. My father talked things over with me, too.

Q When do you feel is the best time for a boy and a girl to get married?

A I feel that a fellow should be about twenty-five, but that doesn't mean he can be stopped—or should be stopped—if he meets the right gal tomorrow, and elopes to Mexico. You can't really say someone is too old or not old enough. It's more a matter of whether or not they are ready and willing to take on the responsibility of marriage."

Q Did you ever read any books on sex?

A No.

Q Did you know that Annette Funi-

cello has a big crush on you, Fabian, and Paul Anka?

A Yes.

Q How do you feel about her?

A I like to be with her. But I'm not in love with her.

Q When did you fall in love for the first time?

A I've never been in love. I've had crushes on millions of girls. I'm never in one place long enough to get really attached. Today I may be in Buffalo, and tomorrow in Minnesota. I meet too many girls to fall in love.

Q When did you first kiss a girl?

A At a party, when I was eight.

Q When did you kiss a girl for the first time when it meant something?

A When I was thirteen.

Q Do you consider yourself worldly, or naive?

A Neither. I've always hung around older fellows, and as a result have always known more answers than I should know at my age.

Q Are actresses on location too friendly?

A Sometimes they are. I try to be friendly—but if it gets serious, I try to get out of it by kidding them. **END**

Frankie co-stars in *THE ALAMO*, United Artists.

Scoop! Kim to Marry!

(Continued from page 38)

the prettier of the two Novak daughters. She was a quiet girl.

She did fairly well in school—history being her best subject, arithmetic her worst.

Her favorite foods were homemade apricot ices and burned-sugar cake ("To this day on her birthday, ask her what she'd like best," her mother said recently, "and it's a burned-sugar cake.")

Her favorite color was red—she had two prized red skirts.

Her favorite pastime was to pretend she was sick. ("Just so I could go to bed," she's said, "and lie back against the big pillow and design beautiful clothes for my paper dolls, and wait for my mother to bring me a glass of warm milk and some buttered toast. . . .")

Her ambition in life was to become a secretary and work in a downtown office, just like one of her aunts did.

She loved animals and secretly considered the family dog, a brown and sad-eyed mutt, to be hers.

She liked insects, too, and once befriended a fly her mother had swatted from the kitchen wall, picking up the still-live fly from the floor after her mother had left the room and taking it to the desk, in the room she shared with Arlene, placing it on a blotter and talking to it, consolingly, until it died half an hour or so later.

She was sometimes mischievous. ("One Easter around this time we went visiting some friends of the family. There was lots of candy on the table next to where I was sitting, and I had this urge to steal some of it. I was wearing a dress with a pocket and I stuffed the pocket full. Only I'd forgotten the pocket had a hole in it. And when I got up to say good-bye—bang, all over the floor, about twenty pieces of candy!")

Mischievous sometimes, yes.

But, mostly, she was a dreamer.

She dreamed of growing up someday. Of maybe being pretty someday. Of having beautiful clothes, like the kind she drew for her paper dolls. Or what that office downtown, where she would some-

day work and begin to make her mark in life, would look like.

Of lots of things—none of them extraordinary, but all of them important to her

Meanwhile, Richard Quine . . .

In 1941, that same year, twenty-year-old Detroit-born Richard Quine (his real name) signed a contract with MGM Studios in Hollywood and was touted as a real star of the future. There was little reason to believe that this would not be the case. He was good-looking—had blue eyes, light brown hair, stood six feet three. He was charming. He was bright. And he was a good actor. (He has learned lots from his dad, Thomas Quine, vaudeville veteran, reads his studio biography of the time, has appeared on hundreds of radio programs since age six and recently spent a year in New York playing the young male lead in the hit play, *My Sister Eileen*, starring Shirley Booth. . . .)

Early the following year—some two months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and America's entry into the war—Dick began work on his third picture.

It was titled *Tish*.

Also in the picture was a young MGM contract actress named Susan Peters.

Susan, an extremely talented girl, was also a very beautiful girl.

It wasn't long before Dick fell in love with her, and she with him. ("She likes to swim and rhumba—so why shouldn't I love her?" Dick jokingly told a reporter. Said Susan: "He's gentle and handsome—I can't think of a better combination.")

They went together for exactly a year and they were engaged in February of 1943, during a party, the night before Dick left Hollywood for duty with the Coast Guard.

In the summer of that year Susan got her biggest professional break to date, a lead in *Random Harvest*, with people like Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

In late October, immediately following completion of the picture, she flew to her hometown, Spokane, Washington, to make plans for the wedding.

Dick, nervous, excited, arrived on special leave the night of November 6. The following morning, he and Susan were married and took off, in a borrowed car, for Santa Barbara and their honeymoon.

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Reported a newspaper columnist of their trip: *The start of the Susan Peters-Richard Quine honeymoon was like something out of a movie farce. Three quarters of the way to Santa Barbara they ran out of gas and had to walk two miles to a service station. Then, back in the car, they were stopped on the road by crews fighting a fire. They talked their way through this, but didn't reach their hotel until 5:00 a.m. Some way to begin a honeymoon, I must say.*

Actually, despite its beginnings, it was a beautiful honeymoon.

It lasted for ten days.

And when it was over Dick reported back to his ship, while Susan returned to MGM to begin work on *The Song of Russia*, in which she co-starred with Robert Taylor.

During the making of the picture people on the set noted her extra-radiance, her undeniable happiness.

"Marvelous," they'd say to her, "the way you can be so happy with your husband so far away."

To which Susan would answer, "I'm happy just thinking about the future, about a few years from now when the war will be over and he'll be back with me . . . for good."

No one—not she, nor any of the others—had any way of knowing then that Dick would be back much sooner than expected. That tragedy, sudden and violent, would see to that. . . .

Young Kim starts a hope chest

Marilyn Novak's aunt—the secretary—phoned her this Christmas day of 1944.

"I'm glad you like it," she said, referring to the chiffon scarf she'd sent to her niece. "Of course you're only eleven-going-on-twelve, and lavender's a pretty grown-up color, but—" she added, laughing, "—maybe for now you can tuck it away in your hope chest and save it for the big event."

Her niece asked her what a hope chest was.

"A wooden box, usually, sweetheart," said the aunt, "where a girl keeps lots of stuff, clothes and bedding and things like that, for when she gets married."

"Oh, I see," said Marilyn, somewhat disinterestedly.

"I know, sure," said the aunt, laughing again, "it must seem like a faraway day right now, mustn't it? But a nice girl like you, sweetheart, a girl who gets prettier-looking every time I see her, come seven or eight years from now and you'll be surprised how fast some fellow, some wonderful fellow with a good job and a good heart, is gonna come find you and nab you and carry you off to the church so you can say 'I do' to him . . . You'll be real surprised at how soon it's all gonna come. . . ."

A little while later, alone in the room she shared with Arlene, Marilyn Novak, eleven years old, going on twelve, finished emptying the wooden toy box which had sat all these years against the wall, between the two windows. And, carefully, she placed the lavender scarf inside it.

Then, hesitantly, she began to wonder about what her aunt had said. . . .

Tragedy, sudden and violent

It was exactly a week later, New Year's Day, 1945. Dick Quine was home on holiday leave. He, Susan—his wife of slightly more than a year by now, his brother and his brother's wife were hunting duck in the Cuyamaca Mountains, down near San Diego. Of the four, Susan, practically a novice at all this, was having the best day of all—she'd bagged a half-dozen birds within the first hour of shooting; Dick's brother the worst—he'd misplaced his gun at one point, thought it lost, good-naturedly but disappointedly joined the others as they continued with their hunt.

It was about 5:00 p.m., some seven hours after they'd started, when the four decided they'd had enough and began to head back to their car.

As they walked, Susan teased her brother-in-law about losing his gun. "Talk about butter-fingers—" she said. "Big boy like you losing a gun like that—"

"You're so smart," somebody said, laughingly, "why don't you find it?"

"Okay," said Susan, "I will."

She did, too, about ten minutes later. It lay under a bush, at a spot where they'd stopped earlier in the day for a few minutes' break and a cigarette—where she'd had a hunch all along it might be.

"Hey," she called out to the others now, spotting it, "here she is!"

She could hear the others call something back, then heard one of them—Dick, probably—as he began to make his way through the foliage, towards her.

Susan began to whistle.

She bent to pick up the gun.

Somehow, as she lifted it, she jarred the trigger.

The gun went off.

A bullet ripped through her side.

She dropped to her knees.

She was still conscious, still holding the gun, when, moments later, Dick came rushing over to her.

His first reaction was one of relief.

He smiled.

"Susie," he said, "I thought I heard the damn thing go off. I thought—"

But then he stopped. And he looked from her face, down to her side. And he saw the blood beginning to rush through the brown leather of her jacket.

He caught her in his arms just as she began to fall back. . . .

The bullet had lodged in Susan's spine. Three delicate operations in the course of the next few months proved futile. "Your wife will live," a doctor told Dick, "but there's nothing that can be done about the paralysis. She'll be paralyzed from the waist down, for the rest of her life. . . ."

"No weeping around here . . ."

It's hard to know who, in the three years that followed, was the more gallant, brave, of the two—Susan, in her wheelchair, or Dick, since transferred to a Coast Guard film unit in Hollywood, practically constantly at her side.

Certainly, at the beginning at least, both seemed brave.

In August, her first week home from the hospital, Susan told an interviewer: "We're going to pick up exactly where we left off. There'll be no weeping around here, no tears, no sir. In fact, we're making plans about my doing picture work again—MGM's been great to me, I want everybody to know that, just great. And Dick will be out of the service soon what with the war practically over now, and he'll be coming back to make pictures, too. And Dick and I have talked about how we're going to adopt a little baby boy as soon as we can. And Dick's already planning a new house for us—or else we might overhaul this place; but he's got something in mind with ramps and things instead of all these steps, so I can get around more easily in this doggoned chair I'm stuck to."

"Dick," she went on, "Dick's been wonderful. He does everything for me. He's better than any nurse I ever had. Why, when I left the hospital, they were going to give him a cap. You know, before I was hurt the thought or sight of blood made him ill. Yet he was in the room the first time the doctor opened my bed sore; the doctor went to work and Dick helped him . . . helped him."

She smiled.

"No," she said, "there's going to be nothing wrong with the Quines, not with us. In fact, life is going to be better than

ever for us. You just watch, and wait, and see."

That was Susan talking, in 1945, at the beginning.

"A Susan," as someone has said, "who still believed, somewhere way in the back of her mind, that something miraculous would happen soon and that she would, despite what any doctors said, be able to walk again. A Susan who, despite her outward laughter, smiles, was miserable inside herself. A girl who dreaded two things—being confined forever to this wheelchair she joked about; and tying down her husband, the man she loved, to a life of boredom, of slavery, of unfulfillment, of nothingness."

"Those of us who really knew Susan, know why she suddenly asked Dick for a divorce that day in 1948. After three years, she realized that there would never be any improvement in her condition. That she was a broken woman. Doomed."

"That Dick was doomed, too."

"She didn't want it to be this way, not for both of them."

"She wanted Dick to be free."

"She never told him why she asked for the divorce. She just made up her mind and one day, putting on the greatest performance of her life, she asked him to leave the house."

"He begged her to reconsider."

"She refused."

"Please go," she said.

"And, finally, he did."

"There was no sadder, more lonely, more heartbroken man than Dick Quine after that—for a long, long time after that. . . ."

Kim heads west

It was July in Chicago—July of 1952—and Marilyn Novak, nineteen now, knew that she must leave. The decision came upon her suddenly. She was out with her fiancé, a young electrician named Bill. They'd been to the movies and they were walking home when Marilyn said:

"It's no good, everything that's been happening—not really."

"What?" Bill asked.

"Us," she said, "planning to get married like this, when we hardly know each other . . . Even though we've been going together for two years now—hardly knowing each other . . . hardly knowing what love is."

He turned to look at her. "Huh?" he asked.

"And me," she went on, "enrolling in that secretarial school, when the last thing on earth I really want to be any more is to be a secretary."

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"I'm going away," she said, "—that's what I'm talking about."

He stared at her. "The heat got you or something?" he asked.

"I don't know what's got me," she said.

Bill cleared his throat. "You didn't," he said, "you didn't let that guy, what he said, go to your head, did you?"

"Guy?" she asked.

"The guy who told you he wants you for a model, for that refrigerator company."

Marilyn Novak nodded. And smiled. "And travel," he said. "Leave Chicago for a while and come to California, the great Far West, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood—" he said.

"Is that what it is," Bill asked, "that you really want to do that?"

"Partly," she said.

"And what's the rest of the partly?" he asked.

"I don't know. Not for sure," she said. She stopped walking. She faced him. "I'm sorry, Billy," she said. "I feel like that girl in the second feature tonight, that bad girl, when she told that fellow off and left him . . . But I know now, it's the way it's got to be."

Bill shook his head.
 "Don't be hurt, please don't," she said.
 "It's not love we've got, anyway. It's just like we're part of the pattern and feel we should conform to the pattern—the people our ages who think they've got to get married and settle down before they get too old and lose out altogether, or before other people, their friends, their families, start talking, saying 'What's wrong with them? Don't they believe in love, institutions—anything?'"

Bill shook his head again.
 "This is it, then?" he asked. "—Just like that? . . . We're through? . . . Is that what you're trying to say with all those fancy words of yours?"

"I guess so, Billy," Marilyn Novak said. "It's better to know *before* than after, isn't it?"

She tried to take his hand.

He pulled it away.

"I'm sorry, Billy," she said. . . .

Susan didn't want any help

It was October in Hollywood—October of that same year, 1952—when Susan's doctor phoned Dick Quine and asked him to rush to her house.

"She's a very sick girl," the doctor, an old man, an old friend of the family, said when Dick arrived. "Seven years since the accident, it's knocked a lot out of her . . . It's tired her . . . She could fight. But she won't. She hasn't let any of us help her for more than two years now . . . Her picture flopped. That was a blow. The play tours were too much strain. Even the radio work . . . And the pain never left her . . . She's tired . . . And she doesn't want any help . . . She hasn't much longer, Richard."

"Can I see her?" Dick asked.

"I don't think so, not now," the doctor said. "I just wanted you to know, to be here. I knew you'd want to."

They both sat.

The doctor strove to talk about other things.

"It's been a long time, Richard," he said.

"—How have you been doing?"

"All right, I guess," said Dick.

"Re-married, I hear," said the doctor.

Dick nodded.

"Children?"

"One . . . another on the way, we think."

"Been acting much—working?"

"Acting, no, not at all any more—I gave that up," said Dick. "I'm a dialogue director now, over at Columbia."

"I see," said the old man.

Both he and Dick turned now as a nurse walked into the room.

"Doctor—" she said, urgently.

The old man rose.

He said nothing to Dick as he walked out of the room. . . .

Dick was sitting with the boy, Timothy, the boy he and Susan had adopted years ago—the boy he had not seen these past four years, when the doctor returned.

It had been more than an hour now since the old man had left the room. He looked weary, pale, older, much older.

"Susan is gone," he said, looking at Dick. "She was tired . . . She didn't want any help, not from any of us. . . ."

Dick looked over at the boy.

His eyes filled with tears.

"Tim," he said, "would you like to come home with me?"

"Yes," said the boy.

They got up.

And, together, they left. . . .

The nervous director and the scared starlet

Dick Quine first met Marilyn Novak on a March morning in 1954. Marilyn Novak was Kim Novak now. She had been spotted by a Columbia Pictures talent scout while modeling at a refrigerator salesmen's convention a few months earlier, had been introduced to Columbia bossman Harry

Cohn, had been given Cohn's nod, and then the works—a screen test, a new first name, a new hairdo, a short-term contract, and a pep-talk on how her break would come if she studied hard, cooperated, waited.

Now, this day, her break had come.

A young actress scheduled to play the role of Lona McClane in a B-picture called *Pushover*, had fallen sick the night before production got under way. There was no time to wait for her to recover—not under the speed-and-save Cohn system. And so, that next morning, after a night of conferences, Kim was called to the studio and told to report to work. Immediately.

Script scheduling called for her to be in the first scene.

Shooting was to begin at 9:00 a.m.

At 9:15, Dick Quine, the picture's director, called out for Miss Novak, the only missing player.

"Not here," somebody called back.

"Where is she?"

"In her dressing room—bawling," he was told. "You'd better go have a talk with her. . . ."

Kim, who had indeed been bawling, bawled even more when she saw Dick.

"I know," she said, "I'm spoiling everything for everybody. But I can't go out there."

"I'm scared stiff, for one thing . . . I'm so scared," she said. She pointed to the script on her dressing table. "And I'll never be able to remember my lines."

"Lines?" Dick asked. "You only have six or seven to remember for today."

"But I won't remember them," Kim said. "I know it." She brought up a Kleenex she was holding and wiped away some of her tears. "Please," she said then. "I've been sitting here waiting for someone to walk in and tell me the joke's over . . . You tell me that, Mr. Quine—you just tell me that. And I'll understand. And I'll go home . . . Just *tell* me that."

\$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three \$10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn \$10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DORIS DAY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

2. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

3. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE JOHNNY NASH:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

6. I LIKED DIANA BARRYMORE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

7. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

8. I LIKE FRANKIE AVALON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

"Why should I do that?" Dick asked.
"Please," said Kim.
Dick looked at her, for a long time.
"You know something?" he said, finally.
"—I'm scared right now, too."
"Sure, Mr. Quine—sure," said Kim.
"I mean it," he said. "Look . . . This happens to be my first picture, too, in case you didn't know that. It's a big thing for me, too, this whole project. Oh, my teeth may not be chattering, and my knees may not be shaking much—and I may not be shedding any pretty tears, like yours. But I'm scared stiff, too. Believe me."
Kim looked away from him.
He clicked his fingers. "I know what's wrong," he said. "I read somewhere—I'd forgotten—but I read that a decent director, first day of shooting, sends all the ladies in his cast a bunch of flowers." He shook his head. "I didn't send you any," he said, "and that hurt you, huh?"
"It's not that," said Kim. "Don't be silly."
"Champagne then, is that what you expected?" Dick asked. "—First thing in the morning, two men in red coats walking into your dressing room, one holding the bottle, the other the glass. Both of them saying, in chorus, 'Miss Novak—something to calm your nerves, compliments of the nervous director.'"
The beginnings of a smile came to Kim's face. "Don't be silly," she said again, and looked down.
"Well," Dick asked, after a moment, "will *this* do then?"
He bent, and kissed her forehead.
Kim looked up, suddenly.
"Don't be shocked," he said. "It's an old show-business custom. It means good luck . . . It's like shaking hands."
He looked at Kim again, for a long time.
"How about it," he asked, "—coming to work?"
Kim, silent, stared at the floor.

"If you really want," Dick said, "I'll close down the set now, for the day. It won't mean much. Just a few thousand dollars. Only money . . . And the front office won't be sore with me when I go and tell them what's happened. 'Your first picture, boy—take it easy,' they'll say. 'Go to the beach. Take it easy the rest of the week. We'll find somebody else for you by Monday. We'll—'"
Kim interrupted him.
"Mr. Quine . . . ?" she asked.
"Yes?"
She breathed in deeply. Slowly, the words came out. "Can I have a few minutes?" she asked.
"What for?"
"I'd just like to look at my lines again, before I come out," she said.
"Okay," he said.
"Mr. Quine. . . ." Kim called.
Kim walked over to him.
"May I?" she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she stood on her toes and she kissed him, lightly, on the cheek.
"For good luck," she said. "For you. For me. For both of us."
Dick nodded.
"You've got five minutes," he said, softly.
"I'll be there," said Kim. . . .

A quiet love

The rest of our story, the ending—covering these years between 1954 and 1960—is short and simple and, eventually, happy. . . . It wasn't long after they'd met, after they'd worked together for a while, that Kim knew she was in love with Dick Quine. She knew, too, that he was married, that she had no reason nor right to love him. But, still, she did.
It was a quiet love. At least, Dick never knew about it.
Kim, as the years passed, as her career skyrocketed, as she became one of the most famous and dazzling stars in the

world, tried to push this love from her heart. She dated lots—with Mac Krim, Frank Sinatra, Mario Bandini, Cary Grant, Aly Khan, Rafael Trujillo, others.
She began, this quiet girl from Chicago, to live flamboyantly.
She became, in a sense, the total movie star—given to hollow laughter, hollow quotations, a hollow life.
She grew older, as single girls, glamour girls, go.
Twenty-five, they said two years ago—when's she going to settle down, marry?
Twenty-six, they said last year.
What they didn't know was that Kim had made up her mind that she would never marry.
Not so long as she could not marry the only man she ever really loved. . . .
Sometime during the fall of last year—while Kim and Dick were working on *Strangers When We Meet* (their third picture together)—Dick and his wife, Barbara, announced that they had given up on their marriage. "It hasn't worked," Dick said to whoever asked. "That's all there is to it. . . ."
Somehow, after the announcement was made, Dick, a rare party-goer, attended a party at which Kim was present.
She'd come alone.
He asked her if he could take her to dinner. She said yes.
He took her hand, and they left. . . .
The romance that has followed has been as quiet as anything else that Kim has ever felt for Dick.
She's wanted it this way.
There have been no headlines, no ballyhoo, few column mentions.
But we at MODERN SCREEN have it, from people who know them both, that they will be married soon.
And we couldn't be happier. **END**
Kim stars in *STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET* for Columbia.

9. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ 1 all of ROCK AND WOMEN ☐ 2 part
☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

I LIKE LINDA CRISTAL:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

11. I LIKE CONNIE FRANCIS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

12. I LIKE CYD CHARISSE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE TONY MARTIN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

13. I READ: ☐ 1 all of NO TEARS NO TROUBLE
WHEN YOUR DATES ARE DOUBLE ☐ 2 part
☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 completely ☐ 2
fairly well ☐ 3 very little ☐ 4 not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____
MALE
(2) _____
MALE
(3) _____
MALE

(1) _____
FEMALE
(2) _____
FEMALE
(3) _____
FEMALE

AGE NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE



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